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OBSERVATIONS.

BY I. D. E.

Spring days of old were warm and long—
They're longer now, and colder—
The world once liked a merry song:
It's sadder now, and older.

The fairies and the merry elves
Are shy and discontented:
They'd sense enough to hide themselves
When east winds were invented.

When songs they sang were sad at all
It was a cheery sadness:
The songs we write, if glad at all,
Express a solemn gladness.

Our smile is but a chastened grin,
Our fathers laughed and meant it:
And when they sinned some jovial sin
They left us to repent it.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"I HAVE not heard of it," she said quietly; without a tremor in the low sweet voice, "but of course it was to be expected. She will make a beautiful mistress of a beautiful home."

"Yes; it is a charming old place, and she is wonderfully handsome," he answered, as he left the room.

For fully five minutes Sidney stood still and motionless where he had left her, both hands pressed to her side, vaguely wondering what the sudden terrible pain was which seemed to stifle her and to lay such an ice-cold grip upon her heart.

Sidney Arnold's life had been a sunshiny one.

She had known no deep sorrow or trouble in all her twenty years.

Her mother's death had taken place when she was too young to know what a terrible loss she had experienced, and since then her life had been one long happy dream, full of light and joy, untouched by any personal sorrow, and pained only by others' suffering.

She had reigned like a little queen over some half-dozen or more faithful and devoted subjects.

Her father had been her prime minister, kind, grave, tender, indulgent; she had a little court of adoring admirers ready to fetch and carry and worship, she had a devoted household to whom her slightest wish was law, and she, like every other girl, perhaps had had her dream of a prince-consort by-and-by—a proud, gallant, handsome prince, strong and brave and gay and tender, before whom the queen would lay down her sceptre, and whom she would love and honor with all her heart.

But in those five terrible minutes that followed after Doctor Eliot's careless words a sudden change came over her, an inexpressible sadness and desolation fell suddenly over her, darkening and shutting out all bright and pleasant things.

There was no bitterness in her heart, no anger, no real knowledge, poor child, of what this agony meant, only an overwhelming misery, a sudden desperate struggle against a deep rushing sea of passionate regret and shame and anguish, which she fought against vaguely, not understanding it, and wondering feebly in her pain if she were to die.

This agony of pain lasted only for a few minutes, then it passed away, leaving a numbed sense of dulness and weariness.

There was but little change in Sidney's face as she moved across the room to ring the bell, and her voice was calm and sweet as usual as she desired the servant who answered her summons to remove the breakfast-things.

She went down for her usual interview with the cook, whose long service had made her greatly devoted to her young mistress, and who noticed nothing very unusual in Sidney's manner, for the young girl laughed lightly at some suggestion and made a pleasant cheerful reply.

And then, having performed her household duties, she went slowly up to her own room, thinking dreamily how steep the wide shallow oaken steps of the old-fashioned staircase were, and how tired she was.

But, when she got into her own room, and had locked the door behind her, the first thing she saw was a great bunch of Maréchal Niel roses which Stephen Daunt had brought her the day before; and presently she found herself crouching upon her sofa, crying as if her heart must break, poor foolish child—shedding her passionate tears without understanding why.

When the first paroxysm of weeping was over, she sat up among her cushions, pushing back her hair from her forehead with a little tired gesture, and glanced round the room with a bewildered look.

What had she been crying for? she said to herself with some impatience.

That Stephen was going to be happy could be no cause of unhappiness to her, his old friend Sidney.

They had always been friends, even although they had quarrelled sometimes, when she had displeased him in one way or another, sometimes by letting Frank Greville ride with her to the meet, or dance every waltz with her at a ball, or when she had flirted a little with some new admirer of whom Stephen Daunt's dark eyes did not quite approve.

On these occasions Stephen would scold her gently in his grave deep tones, and then when she had laughingly expressed her penitence, he would forgive her offence and reinstate her in his former favor.

And Sidney had soon discovered that that favor was very necessary to her happiness, and that however delightful a ball was, it lacked enjoyment for her unless his dark eyes followed her kindly, and that no ride with Frank Greville or any other cavalier was so pleasant as a ride with Stephen by her side.

He had been so good to her, so kind and tender and thoughtful, that it was no wonder that she had grown to love him unconsciously even to herself; and, as she thought of the care and tenderness he had shown, she left the sofa and went over to the mantelpiece, where a large photograph of Stephen and Dolly stood framed in a pretty carved frame which was Sidney's own work.

As she stood looking at it with loving wistful eyes, she remembered the day on which it was taken some months ago.

They had gone to Stround together, Dolly and Stephen and herself.

He had driven them over in his phaeton, and she had begged them to be photographed because she had no likeness to take away with her on the long visit to her aunt on which she was shortly going.

And Stephen had laughed at first, and then yielded, as he usually did to any request of hers.

A day or two after her departure for town he had sent the photograph to her, with some gay words of greeting and an injunction to come back from town the same Sidney who had left Ashland.

And then she remembered that on her return, although she was the same, it was he who was changed from the frank, kindly, brotherly Stephen whom she had left; he had become grave and reserved and almost cold. During her absence in London a new inmate had come to Lambswold.

Dolly's governess, who had lived there for many years, had gone away to be married, and Lady Eva had engaged another lady, of whom Dolly had written to Sidney in rapturous terms, extolling her beauty and accomplishments, and adding that she had won all the hearts at Ashford.

And when Sidney returned home she found that Dolly had exaggerated neither Sibyl Neil's beauty, nor her fascination, nor her conquests.

She was simply the most beautiful woman Sidney's eyes had ever rested upon; and her fascinations equalled her beauty.

And very soon Sidney discovered that people were wondering whom Miss Neil would marry of her many adorers, among whom was Stephen Daunt.

From the very day of her return to Ashford a dull numb pain had been aching at Sidney's heart, a vague sense of suffering and discomfort which she could not get rid of, but which she would scarcely acknowledge to herself; but now the pain had increased to an agony which she could not ignore, although even now she would not recognize its cause.

A knock at her door made her start and turn away from her contemplation of the grave dark face which had grown so dear to her.

"What is it?" she asked hastily; and a servant's voice from without answered that Mr. Frank Greville was down-stairs and would like to see her.

"I will come down directly," Sidney answered quickly, the color coming hotly into her face.

When the sound of the footsteps outside had died away, she hastily smoothed her ruffled hair and dashed cold water on her aching eyes, and then went swiftly down-stairs.

"Mr. Greville is in the study, Miss Sidney," said the old servant who met her in the hall.

With a word of thanks she went on and entered the study.

A slight fair young man was its only occupant.

He was standing before the mantelpiece, looking up intently at the beautiful pictured face, so like Sidney's which hung above it.

At the sound of the closing door he turned, disclosing the face of the young man who had driven by so hastily and unheedingly that morning; and, without a word of greeting, Sidney went forward and put her hands in his.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Stephen Daunt," announced Doctor Arnold's gray-haired old man-servant, opening the drawing-room door; and the announcement was immediately followed by the entrance of Stephen Daunt, tall and grave and anguid in his gray tweed clothes the rose in his button-hole showing redly against the dark gray ground.

Three hours had elapsed since Frank Greville had left the Gray House, after a prolonged visit.

Sidney was alone in the drawing-room, sitting in a low chair near the open window a volume of her favorite author open on her knee and her eyes fixed upon the page; but she was not reading, for she had been sitting there for two hours, and she had not turned over the page.

As the servant's grave voice broke upon the stillness, she started and turned her head, a gleam of impatient annoyance flashing into her brown eyes.

Then she rose and went forward slowly, not holding out her hand, for both her hands clasped the book she held, which was large and heavy.

"I was to meet Dolly here," Stephen said after the first greetings were over. "She had some shopping to do in the town, and said she would meet me here and drive me home. May I take your book, Sidney?"

They were still standing in the centre of the room, where they had met, and there was just a shade of anxiety in Stephen Daunt's dark gray eyes as they rested on Sidney's face for a moment, and he took the Shakspeare from her and put it upon a table.

Sidney's face had flushed suddenly and vividly on his entrance.

Now the color had faded, leaving her terribly white—even her lips were colorless.

Still, although she herself knew that she had grown so pale, she resolutely suppressed all other signs of agitation, and her voice was quite calm as she answered him.

"Dolly has not been here; but I dare say she will not be long now," she said quietly. "Will you not sit down?"

"I hope I am not disturbing you," he answered gently. "Are you quite well this afternoon, Sidney?" he added, following her to the window as she moved slowly across the room. "You look so pale."

Sidney's pretty eyebrows were lifted a little.

"One would think that I was usually of the color of a peony!" she said lightly. "I am quite well, even if I have less color than usual, although I used to think I was always pale."

"You generally grow white roses," he remarked, smiling, "but not quite so colorless as yours of to-day. The Doctor has gone to Stround, I understand?"

"Yes. Mr. Lanthony is very ill," she answered. Papa is very anxious about him."

"He has long since passed the limit of threescore years and ten," Stephen remarked.

"That fact will not make his loss less felt," rejoined Sidney, with a sudden anger which brought a smile to his lips.

"Did I say that it would?" he asked, looking down at her smiling. "It only prepares us for what is to be expected. How pleasant it is here!" he added, leaning against the open French window, and looking away over the old-fashioned garden and fields to the hills beyond.

It was very pleasant in the old-fashioned garden, pleasant and still and quiet.

The room was at the back of the house, and opened to the lawn with long French windows, and it has such a fine view of the country that it was difficult to believe that one was in the centre of a bustling little town.

Dolly Daunt was wont to say that there was no room at Lambswold so charming as Sidney's drawing-room, with its curious antique furniture and rare old china and its faded harmonious coloring.

For a few minutes there was silence.

Stephen's gray eyes rested dreamily on the hills which the sunlight was touching tenderly.

Then they came back slowly and lingered on the fair pale face of the girl who stood, a slender, graceful figure by his side.

Sidney had gone to her room after Frank Greville's departure, and changed the soft brown dress for one of dark blue velveteen with yellowish ruffles at her throat and wrists, and a broad silver collar clasping her white throat tightly.

She was looking very lovely with the fevered light in her eyes and the strange excitement on her face.

"Have you been out to-day?" he asked presently.

"No."

"You are getting a sad stay-at-home," he remarked, smiling at her. "You never go for any long walks now. Did you get lazy in town, Sidney?"

"Perhaps," she answered carelessly. "I think I will ring for some tea; Dolly will be here shortly, I dare say."

"I was to meet her at five o'clock," said Stephen, crossing the room to ring the bell. "It is almost that now."

"Yes; it wants only a few minutes to five."

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?" Stephen resumed, going back to the window.

At the sudden question the color leaped up into Sidney's face, and her eyes met his for a moment in sudden fear, then almost directly the white lids sank and the color faded again.

"I—I do not know," she faltered; and Stephen looked at her wonderingly; but, before he could ask her any other question, the servant appeared with the tea-equipage, and Sidney hastened away from the window with a little sigh of relief.

But, as she prepared to make the tea, measuring it into the tea-pot with her little fingers very unsteady, the question he had asked her seemed to flash before her eyes in letters of fire.

What had she done? What had she done?

Was it possible that only a few hours before she had given a promise which would influence all her future life?

It seemed like a strange incomprehensible dream that in her desolation and weakness she had yielded at a word of entreaty, and had said to herself that, since love was for her, she would take the friendship offered as a substitute, and build up another edifice on the ruined castle which had crumbled so soon.

She felt dazed and bewildered and wretched; but through all her bewilderment she did not lose sight of one thought—at least Stephen would not guess, would not even suspect that.

"Are you not putting in too much tea, little girl?" Stephen's laughing voice said suddenly.

"I am afraid to state the number of spoonfuls you have put in."

"Have I?" she questioned, with a little forced laugh.

"I did not notice. Never mind; we all like our tea strong.

"By-the-bye"—suddenly glancing across at him with shining feverish brown eyes—"I had forgotten to ask you how is Miss Neil?"

"She is better this afternoon, thank you," he answered rather absently.

"I am very glad. I was surprised to hear of her illness. Doctor Eliot was telling me that she was frightened at—something."

"Yes, I think that caused it," Stephen said rather gravely. "She had been greatly terrified, for she fainted away when we spoke to her, and seems quite afraid to be alone."

"I have not heard of—of any suspicious characters—having been seen about," Sidney said rather hesitatingly, her brown eyes intent upon the tea-pot, for she dared not look up and meet the grave questioning look of the gray eyes which were watching her so anxiously, wondering why she was so changed, this girl who had been so sweet and frank and true.

"Nor I," he answered, smiling a little. "But I am afraid it was not a suspicious character who frightened her."

"Was it a dog then, do you suppose?" the girl asked, able to speak more calmly now, although she dreaded his next words with a terrible fear.

"No," he answered gravely; and something in his voice forced her to raise her eyes.

His were grave, tender, compassionate—yes, there was surely compassion in his gaze!

He pitied her—he guessed then! Ah, she would show him that he was mistaken, that she needed no pity!

"Then what could it have been?" she said with a little laugh. "A ghost perhaps—the ghost of one of her rejected lovers, who is furious at her engagement?"

"That is a more likely conjecture," Stephen Daunt said gravely, crossing the room and standing by the mantelpiece. "You heard, then, of her engagement, Sidney?"

"Oh, yes!" Sidney answered gaily. "Doctor Eliot told me this morning, and I was going to congratulate——"

She broke off suddenly, and turned to the door.

"Ah, there is Dolly!" she added, running forward to meet her with two little eager hands outstretched.

"Just in time, dear, for tea and congratulations!"

"Tea first, then, please," Dolly said laughingly, "and congratulations after, although I don't see why you should congratulate me.

"Stephen, I hope you are not tired of waiting," she added, with an arch glance at him, which he met with a half-sorrowful smile.

"I have not been here long," he answered. "It is not very much past five, Dolly."

"I hoped to be here sooner, but I had to go to many places before I could match my silk.

"Sidney, how are you? I have not seen you for days. Why have you not been to see me?"

She had thrown aside her hat and gloves, talking eagerly the while, and glancing from one to the other with a questioning look in her bright eyes. Something was wrong, she saw.

What was it?

To Sidney, although she had always loved Dolly Daunt dearly, the sight of her blue eyes and golden head sunning over with curls had never been so welcome as it was to-day.

The tete-a-tete with Stephen had embarrassed her terribly.

More than once she had feared that her calmness would give away, and that she would break down; but Dolly's welcome presence had removed all her embarrassment, and she could have hugged her warmly in her delight.

Dolly chattered gaily as Sidney poured out the tea.

She had had one or two little adventures during her shopping, which she told them comically, and she had met Mr. Greville—Lawyer Greville, as he was generally called in Ashford.

"He told me Chrissie was coming home in a few days, Sidney," she said laughingly.

"And, when I asked him what had become of *le beau Francois*, he growled out something about neither knowing nor caring."

Sidney's cheeks were not white now as she bent her head over the cups and saucers.

"He is such a grumpy old fellow," Dolly went on, sipping her tea. "Just fancy having such a father! I do not wonder that Chrissie and Frank are afraid of him. Sidney, did Stephen tell you about Sibyl's fright yesterday?"

"Doctor Eliot told me this morning," Sidney answered quietly.

"She has been quite ill and hysterical ever since, and that tiresome *fiance* of hers has been worrying me all day long," Dolly remarked, with a laughing glance at her brother.

"Were you surprised to hear of the engagement, Sidney?"

"Not at all. I had been expecting it. Oh, how awkward!"

She had been handing Dolly her cup refilled, and in doing so had upset it over the pretty afternoon tea-cloth.

"What a pity!" Dolly said. "Will it wash, Sidney? Yes? Oh, then, it does not so much matter! So we are to have a wedding at Lambswold!" she went on merrily.

"It will be quite an event. Of course, as Sibyl has no home of her own, it will take place from there."

"I supposed it would," Sidney said slowly; her lips seemed dry and stiff, and would not answer readily at her will. "When is it to be Dolly?"

"Soon. The bridegroom-elect is impatient; is he not Stephen? Mamma was so pleased," continued Dolly; "she predicted it from the first, you know, Sidney; she thinks Sibyl's beauty would excuse any infatuation, as indeed it would—don't you think so?"

Without waiting for an answer, Dolly flitted across the room to the piano, and began turning over some of the music.

"Any new songs, Sidney?" she asked. "Ah, here is 'Guinevere'! What a lovely thing it is!"

"Yes. Do you know it, Dolly?" asked Sidney, leaving the tea-table and following Dolly, passionately longing to be out of the reach of the grave gray eyes which were following her so inquiringly.

"Sibyl has it, and I learnt it," Dolly answered.

"Will you sing it then, Dolly? There is one part I cannot quite make out."

Dolly sat down at the piano, and ran her little fingers over the keys.

"I can't sing it as Sibyl does, can I, Stephen?" she said, laughing, as she shot back a merry glance at her brother.

But Stephen made no answer; he was standing by the mantelpiece, leaning against it, his face pale and grave, even to sadness.

Dolly's pretty voice, not very powerful, but very sweet, rose softly—

" 'There was deep, calm shade in the cloister,
Though the burning sun was high,
But no peace came there to her despair,
But ever a mournful cry.

" 'Ah me, my love, that stainless love,
Not less sweet for its bitter stain!
Is it fair that a love so pleasant grove
Only to end in pain?

" 'There was hollow roll of——'

Sidney!" Dolly broke off suddenly, with a little excited cry.

Stephen glanced over in some surprise at the two girls, and saw that Dolly had caught Sidney's hand as she was turning over the music-page, and was looking at it eagerly, while Sidney's face was as white and colorless as that of a little marble statuette behind her; but she was smiling.

"Sidney, oh, Sidney, what does it mean?" Dolly said eagerly and excitedly, her blue eyes full of questioning and delight. "Does it mean—— Oh, Stephen!"

The young man had joined them now, and saw what had startled his sister.

On the fourth finger of Sidney's hand was a thick gold ring set with three brilliants.

There was a minute's silence; the delight was fading slowly from Dolly's blue eyes, and a look of incredulity and sorrow came in its place.

Stephen's face was set and stern.

Sidney was very pale.

She was still smiling, a strange taut smile which moved her lips but did not reach her eyes, which were downcast and fixed upon her ring.

"I meant to tell you," she said slowly. "But there—there has been no opportunity, and"—with a little laugh—"my engagement is only a few hours old.

"Let me tell you now, Dolly—I meant that you should hear it first from myself. I have promised to marry Frank Greville in the spring."

"Frank Greville!" Dolly echoed, with an irrepressible accent of pain in her bright voice. "Frank Greville!"

Sidney tried to speak again; but the words died away upon her lips.

What had she done, she wondered vaguely, to bring that look of incredulous pain into Dolly's bright blue eyes, to chase the pretty pink color from her cheek?

In the silence which followed, Dolly loosed her hand, and it fell heavily upon the keys of the piano, making a long discordant sound which seemed to shiver through the silent room.

"Are you not going to congratulate me, Dolly?" Sidney forced herself to ask at last.

"To marry Frank Greville!" Dolly said unsteadily, without heeding the question. "Oh, Sidney, you are jesting—are you not?"

"Your news has taken Dolly so much by surprise that she cannot find the news pleasant," the very gentleness of his voice made Miss Arnold shiver.

"But you know, dear, do you not, that no one can wish you all happiness more truly and earnestly than we do?"

"Yes," Sidney answered softly; but she did not look at him as she spoke. "Dolly, won't you speak to me? Won't you say that you are glad?"

"How can I say it when it would be a falsehood?" the girl said passionately. "I am not glad, Sidney!"

"Then I must be content with your congratulations," Sidney said, turning to Stephen, and speaking with a proud pained calmness.

"I ought to have offered you mine before now," she added. "I ought to have told you that your wishes for my happiness are not—for they could not be—truer or more earnest than mine for yours, Stephen."

"Thank you, Sidney," he responded gently, taking the little unsteady hand—Sidney could steady her voice, but not the little trembling fingers; "I know that, dear. But why do you congratulate me now? Is there any special reason?"

"Is there not?" she said, suddenly raising her eyes to his. "Are you not engaged also? Ah, believe me, I hope you will be happy! And—and—she is so beautiful that she cannot but be good."

"Do you mean Miss Neil?" he asked, with a slight smile.

"She is very beautiful, and I dare say very good; but that is Rutledge's business, not mine; for she is engaged to him, you know, not to me."

"To Mr. Rutledge?"

For a moment the handsome kindly face bending over Sidney faded from before her, the room whirled round and round, there was a strange singing noise in her ears—but for a moment only.

The next she was calm again; but some furious words of Frank Greville's seemed to ring again and again through her weary brain.

He had threatened to——

She lifted her hand and pushed back her hair from her forehead with a little laugh.

"I have made a stupid mistake," she said tremulously.

"I thought—I understood—— You must forgive my too early congratulations, Stephen," she added more firmly. "When you want them, they will be as sincere as now."

* * * * * * *

"Stephen," Dolly whispered, as they drove homewards together—and, as she spoke, the girl kept her eyes steadily averted from her brother's face, for, without looking, she could see the pain there—"what made Sidney do it, I wonder? She is not happy: no one could look into her face and think she was happy."

"I always thought she cared for Greville, Dolly."

Dolly shook her bright head emphatically.

"She liked him, but not in that way, Stephen!" she then added, after a little pause.

"What dear?"

"Do you know, I think Sidney looks as if she had been forced into something against her will—frightened into it, as it were?"

"Your fancy, Dolly," he answered sadly. "If it is not for love of Frank that she has engaged herself to him, why should she have done so?"

Ah, why indeed?

Many months of doubt, of suffering, of anguish, had to be be passed through before that question was answered.

CHAPTER III.

"WHERE is the meet to-day, Sidney?"

"In the three-acre field, papa."

"There is always a pretty meet there," Doctor Arnold said cheerfully. "I hope you will have a pleasant ride, my dear."

"Thank you, papa. It is sure to be a full meet, you know, for Mr. Rutledge and his wife have returned home, and we shall all be curious to have a glimpse of the bride."

"So they have come back," Doctor Arnold said.

"I did not know. I wish Stephen Daunt would come to his senses and return home also, they miss him awfully at Lambswold."

Sidney's little fingers, which had been fastening a little knot of violets in the button-hole of her habit, were rather awkward and unsteady apparently, for the operation took a long time to perform.

Doctor Arnold, who had been reading his letters in the study, finished their perusal and began to examine his visiting-list.

"I wish you would ride with us to-day, papa," Sidney said wistfully, when she had secured the violets.

"I wish I could, dear; but it is impossible. Eliot's absence doubles my work just now, you know.

"Frank is a much better escort for you, Sidney; and I don't think he will object to my absence?"

Sidney smiled rather sadly and absently.

Frank was the most attentive of *fiances*, as all Ashford said when speaking of the engagement, which had caused no surprise in the town.

Frank Greville, Lawyer Greville's only son was a very eligible *parti*.

He was handsome, a trifle weak-minded perhaps, and somewhat of a dandy; but his father was a wealthy man, whose profession was a lucrative one, and who had been eminently successful in it, and he was also known to be a man careful, almost mean, in his expenditure, not spending a third of his income.

It was an attachment, people said, speaking of the engagement, which had been made public at the same time as Squire Rutledge's engagement to Miss Neil, the beautiful governess at Lambswold, who had taken all hearts by storm on her arrival at Ashford some few months before; and, while it took no one by surprise, the second engagement caused very general comment.

Squire Rutledge had been such a confirmed old bachelor that the first feeling was incredulity, and then derision, for the Squire was fully thirty years older than the bride-elect, and Miss Neil's name had been coupled with Stephen Daunt's almost ever since her arrival at Lambswold.

Of course her acceptance of the elderly Squire was easily accounted for.

Stephen was dependent on his father, who; having married a highly-born wife himself might have similar views for his son, and he had no doubt refused his consent.

This view of the case was strengthened by the fact that Stephen had gone abroad almost immediately after the engagement had been announced.

Although the ostensible reason of his absence was business, the gossips of Ashford were wiser in their own conceit, and knew that it was regret which had sent him away home.

Miss Neil's marriage had been quite a gay affair.

Mr. Daunt had behaved with his usual liberality.

If the bride had been Dolly herself, the preparations could hardly have been more brilliant.

Sibyl looked marvellously beautiful, but very pale under her lace veil.

The bridegroom seemed uncomfortable and ill at ease.

Dolly, the only bridesmaid, was more like a Dresden china figure than ever in her pretty pale blue satin and lace.

And, after the wedding, the "happy pair" left for Ventnor, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Then, after a little wondering whether Stephen Daunt would come back now, Ashford ceased to discuss the wedding or the engagement, and the nine days' wonder was over.

"Here is Frank!" said Doctor Arnold, glancing up from his visiting-list, as the sound of a horse's step was heard without; and in a minute Frank Greville entered, flushed, smiling, and very handsome in his well-fitting pink and spotless "tops."

"Are you ready, Sidney?" he said, as, having shaken hands with Doctor Arnold, he put his lips to Sidney's cheek with the familiarity of a recognised lover.

"Is it not a splendid hunting morning, with a southerly wind and a very cloudy sky? There will be a full meet to-day, no doubt."

He hurried her out to the waiting horses lifted her into her saddle, settling the skirt of her habit with his usual care, although, as his lips had touched her cheek, she had felt how hot they were.

"Sidney, how lovely you look!" he went on, as they rode away. "I think you grow lovelier every day."

"Do I? It is right you should think so, of course, Frank, whatever other people may."

"They must think so too, dear. They cannot think otherwise."

"Don't flatter me, Frank. You know we agreed to speak only the truth to each other."

"And that is the truth, Sidney."

"It is sometimes best to be silent even as regards the truth," she said, smiling.

"I cannot always keep silent when I think of all you have done for me," he answered, in a moved earnest tone, putting his hand fondly over hers for a moment as they rode down a quiet lane; and Sidney looked up, smiling a little sadly, and then gently put his hand aside.

"We shall be late," she said lightly, putting her horse into a canter. "Come, Frank."

A large number of people was assembled in the three-acre field, and the meet was, as Doctor Arnold had predicted, a very pretty one, for the field was beautifully situated, and the scarlet of the hunting-coats, the restless horses, the graceful figures of the lady-riders enhanced, as always, the beauty of the scene.

There were two carriages also waiting in the road—Dolly's graceful little carriage, with its pretty perfectly-matched ponies, in which Miss Daunt had driven Lady Eva to see the hounds throw off, and a handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of superb black horses, in which sat Sibyl Rutledge, looking beautiful enough to turn the heads of the entire Hunt, exquisitely dressed in violet velvet, which became her proud fair beauty to perfection.

For a moment Sidney's eyes rested upon

her longingly, noting the exquisite coloring the perfect features, the splendid blue eyes.

Then she looked away and started a little, for among the gentlemen surrounding Mrs. Rutledge's carriage she had recognized Stephen Daunt.

He lifted his hat to her with a smile as their eyes met.

Sidney inclined her pretty head, and turned away her eyes almost immediately, trying to ignore the sharp pang at her heart which seemed to take away her breath.

"There is Daunt," Frank said, looking over at the group round the barouche, with angry, jealous eyes which tried to look away from Sibyl's beautiful face, but were powerless to do so, "singeing his wings like a moth near a candle," he added, with a little bitter laugh. "When did he come back?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Way.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

NORA, poor pet, you have a hard life of it.

Married to a poor cripple, and obliged to toil from morning till night to support him," and Harry Manners drew his young wife's face down to his own, and kissed it ruefully.

"There, now, Harry dear, please don't pity me.

"There, then, you foolish fellow," and she kissed away a little tear that would come out of the "corner of his eyes" (men can cry when they are very sick, you know.)

"This is perfect nonsense, you see—perfect nonsense.

"I'm not an object of pity at all. I have perfect health and strength, and the very one I love best in all the world to talk to when my work is done.

"What more need I ask? Besides, I love my work, and would much rather do it than be idle."

"It is all very nice to talk that way, darling," said Harry, kissing his wife's little hand.

"Of course I know you are an angel, and always see the sunny side of everything.

"But it is very hard for me to have to sit here and see you toiling so.

"You who have been used to all the luxuries of a first-class home——"

"Ha! ha!" tinkled Norah's merry laugh.

"You must excuse my interrupting you, Nell, dear, but I could not help it. To think of my living in an atmosphere of constant scolding and discontent, having no one to speak a sympathetic word to me from one year's end to another, and calling that the 'comforts of a first-class home!'

"Why, this dear cozy little place is paradise to the stiff up-town residence left for your sake.

"Darling," and here she again stooped to kiss her husband's pale forehead, "of course I am grieved for you.

"I know you must suffer, bodily and mentally.

"But there is no earthly reason why you should increase your suffering by fretting about me.

"If it were not for your suffering I should be as happy as the day is long!"

"You are a wonder, Nora," said her husband, with a smile full of love, as he scanned her cheerful face.

"You startle me every day with your cheerful, almost defiant courage.

"You seem to have utterly forgotten, this morning for instance, that we are in arrears for our rent, that the gas bill is due, and that the heap of coal in our bin is growing small by degrees and beautifully less."

"Don't bother your poor aching head about those things, Neil; leave them to me.

"I have a cheerful confidence that will come right, and that we are not going to suffer.

"Cheer up now and eat your breakfast—as for me, I've tried and tried to feel anxious, thinking it might be my duty, but I can't do it!

"I am sure the pattern I am working on will take at Sage & Co.'s, and that will bring me in so much money that I shall be able to take my poor love to Bermuda, where the balmy air will restore his precious health."

"Sanguine girl! you forget how often you have failed!" said Harry, a little querulously.

A slight shadow flitted across Nora's face.

But it passed away immediately, though not before Harry had seen it.

"Forgive me, my dear," he said very tenderly.

"It seems I am good for nothing but to sit here and croak to you."

"Croak on!" said she, gayly; "I suppose I need somebody to put on the brakes for me occasionally.

"But if it come to the worst, you know, Harry, there's my diamond.

"Laura Slade has offered me a thousand dollars for it, and will be glad to buy it at any time."

"Your wedding-ring!" exclaimed Harry, with a gasp.

"Of course, that would be our 'last plank,' Nell."

She had both her arms around his neck, now, and her rosy face was pressed close to his pale one.

"But, darling, the life is more than raiment, and though my ring is a sweet talis-man to me, I should, of course, regard it as nothing compared to your comfort and chance of recovered health."

Nora Verrian was the daughter of a New York merchant, to whom great riches had proved a curse rather than a blessing, inasmuch as they had awakened in his soul a greed of gain that rendered him blind to the best uses of riches.

His two daughters, Nora and Caroline, had been early deprived, by death, of a noble mother, whom Nora much resembled in person and disposition.

Caroline, was a tall, haughty beauty, with flashing black eyes, more ready to express scorn than love, was universally declared to be the "very image of her father."

When Nora fell in love with young Harry Manners, then head-clerk in the house of Verrian & Co., and when Mr. Verrian was informed of the fact by the lovers, he utterly and unqualifiedly "forbade the banns."

Neither of his daughters should marry a who could not bring his half million, at least, to add to the pecuniary consequence of the family.

So the lovers, after a hesitation with regard to such a step which is natural to all refined and delicate-minded young people, finding that their mutual happiness depended upon it, concluded to take the responsibility entirely upon themselves, and be married clandestinely.

When the news of this defiant step came to Mr. Verrian's ears, he was prompt in his judgment upon the offenders.

He immediately discharged Manners from his clerkship in the firm, and added a codicil to his will disinheriting Nora, and giving her portion of his fortune to Caroline.

Soon afterward the latter married a man after her father's own heart, and took her place in Upperendom—an assured princess in the kingdom of the almighty dollar.

Harry Manners, being well-qualified for his position, found no difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment.

The happy young couple went to housekeeping in their modest way, well content to be counted out of the circle of the elite, so that they might live together like two doves in one nest, for theirs was a case, to speak commercially, of the A 1 article of true love, which now, in spite of some slight drawbacks, promised to run uncommonly smooth with them.

One of the drawbacks was, that the young husband was obliged, in his new quality of commercial traveler, to be away from home the greater portion of the time.

But this state of things was not to last long.

What some would call an accident, and others a providence, arranged that he should remain permanently at home, though under circumstances that he would himself have been far from choosing.

It was the old story of a rail loosened by the severe frost, and a car thrown from the track, and scores of valuable lives sacrificed and other scores of happy, healthy, sanguine human beings maimed and crippled for life their constitutions ruined by internal injuries, and their hopes of successful endeavor in this world destroyed.

Harry was brought home to his young wife with an injured spine, which not only rendered him helpless, but severely impaired his constitution.

But Nora, grieved as she was at the blow which deprived her husband of his health, was not one to wring her hands in despair at the situation.

She was of that cheery, elastic nature that nothing could appal—especially nothing that did not deprive the affections of their nourishment.

She went to work like a heroine.

She sold their superfluous furniture, rented a part of her house, and strove to reduce their expenses to the level of her ability to meet them.

Then, having an artistic eye and hand, which had been tolerably well cultivated, she undertook that branch of design which consists in furnishing patterns to manufacturers of wall paper.

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation of the married lovers.

Nora rose to open it, and confronted an old man, seedy-looking and somewhat infirm, and yet with a pleasant gleam in his blue eyes that neither age nor poverty had been able to quench.

"Don't you know me, my dear?" he asked, smiling, of the puzzled Nora.

"No, I do not, sir," she replied, civilly; "but won't you come in?

"You have quite the advantage of me in memory," she added.

"Well, I should think likely; for you were a baby in your nurse's arms when I saw you last.

"You are the perfect image of your mother.

"Just the same bright gray eyes, that look as though they never quail before anything.

"Just the same wavy, auburn hair, and firm, smiling mouth——"

"Will you please tell me who you are, sir?

"You have roused my curiosity to a point beyond endurance!"

"Of course, my dear, I will tell you that.

"It's just what I want you to know. I am your mother's Uncle Peter!"

"Uncle Peter? Not Uncle Peter Marsden?

"For we heard that he died of yellow fever in Tampico."

"Heard wrong, my dear, heard wrong! Death found a pretty tough old customer when he grappled with me, though he did grapple very hard.

"He almost got me. And seeing he could not get me, he left me something to remember him by—a broken constitution. I'm only seventy years old, my child, but I'm not what I used to be—not what I used to be."

Nora smiled at the remark.

"And this is your husband, eh? Met with an accident, I heard.

"Happy to shake hands with you, sir! Like your face extremely well—look as if you and Nora could hit it off together nicely."

"I assure you we do, sir," answered Harry quite cheered by the old man's breezy manner. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, uncle!" said Nora; "I quite forgot.

"Sit down, and let me make you a cup of coffee."

"Thank you, my dear, I will! 'Tis a long time since such pretty white hands have made my coffee for me.

"And while you're making it, I want to state a case to you.

"You see, I'm an old man—quite old; and I've had my days of health and strength; but they're gone; and now I've come home to lay my bones in my native earth. I'm not just destitute, you see; have enough to keep me while I live, and bury me when I die.

"I want a home—a quiet, comfortable home to spend my last days in.

"When I arrived in the city yesterday, I inquired all about both you and your sister; and I applied to her first, because I knew that she was richer than you, and much better able to shoulder such a burden.

"But Caroline says she's 'delicate and nervous, and really not able to bear the excitement of a constant guest in the house.'

"I shrewdly suspect that my seedy hat and coat had a good deal to do with the matter.

"Now, what I want to know is, will you take me in?

"I know it is asking a good deal of you, situated as you are, but I really wouldn't be any additional expense to you, and I might be some help——"

"Uncle, don't say anything more, please.

Of course, you can come to us, and welcome.

"Harry needs somebody to cheer him up when I am away, and you are just the one to do it.

"The obligation will be wholly on our side.

"So, if you can put up with our narrow quarters, pray come at once."

So it was arranged, and Uncle Peter took up his permanent abode with his nephew and niece.

He made himself both agreeable and useful as sick-nurse, waiting on Harry in Nora's absence, cheering him with lively stories out of his own experience, playing chess with him, and so forth.

Nora, meanwhile, found a great advantage in Uncle Peter's presence in the house, in the greater leisure and freedom from petty cares that it afforded her.

She was able now to devote her attention much more to her art, and, in consequence brought out some patterns that were so original and beautiful as to establish her reputation as a designer.

Orders now came in faster than she could supply them, and it was not long before the courageous little wife found herself rich enough to discuss her old plan of taking her husband to Bermuda.

The only difficulty in her mind was that she could scarcely afford to go herself.

"I've been thinking how you'll manage it, my dear," said Uncle Peter, one morning at the breakfast-table.

"It will do you both good to go, for your own cheeks are beginning to look less rosy than formerly."

"Well, Uncle Peter, what is the result of your cogitations?" asked Nora. "You know we rely very much on your advice."

"I think I see your way out," said the old man, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, that was somewhat modified by a certain humidness of those organs.

"I have written out, here, a plan that I wish to submit to you.

"You know I'm a prosy old fellow, and like to put things in black and white. When you have read that," handing Harry a substantial looking document, "please tell me your opinion of my plan."

Harry took the paper with a smile.

Uncle Peter was certainly getting very fond of "protocols."

But when he opened the paper, and proceeded to read it, his expression changed from amusement.

"Why, Harry, what, is it so wonderful? You look as though you thought Uncle Peter had found the philosopher's stone!"

"He has, so far as we are concerned!" exclaimed Harry.

"Uncle Peter, what an impostor you are!

"Nora, he has made millionaires of us. Hurrah!"

And he waved the document over his head like a crazy man.

Nora's arms were round Uncle Peter's neck.

And Uncle Peter was sobbing on her shoulder like a baby.

"I didn't tell you I was rich at first, because I was thirsting to taste real love, for love's own sake.

"You have given me that, freely, and it is only fair that I should give you all I own.

"So there is my money, and my love with it, and may it bless you as you have blessed me!"

And Uncle Peter's pleasant blue eyes sparkled with tears and smiles.

Bric-a-Brac.

SPIDERS.—In one branch of the animal kingdom female rights are to be found in perfection—that is, the spider family. The female is larger and fiercer than the male—in one tribe 1,300 times larger. Her temper is in proportion. She would as soon kill her other half, or tear his legs off, as look at him. This is her way of giving him a hint to keep his distance.

ON THEIR KNEES.—The oriental custom of crawling on the hands and knees in the presence of superiors is still kept up at the Siamese court, although not with the old rigor. Foreigners, at least, are exempted from the necessity of groveling on all fours in the presence of the "lord of the white elephant." The natives are mostly compelled to do it, however, and in the royal palace at Bangkok one may at any time see half a dozen maids of honor on their hands and knees outside the queen's apartment, as if scrubbing the floor.

MONK AND MAN.—The monk does not always cease to be a man. The members of an ornithological congress that was lately held at Vienna visited, with their wives, the wealthy Benedictine monastery at Melk. The spacious cloisters, rich dining-hall, well-filled library, scientific collections, gardens, park, the lovely view and a generous collation raised their admiration to the utmost. As they left, an enthusiastic lady said to one of the younger monks: "You are in heaven here." He was equal to the occasion. "We would be," he replied, "but that we lack the angels."

CHIMNEYS.—In the year 1200 a law was established in England which allowed but one chimney to the castle or house of a lord, a manor house or church. The smoke from all others was permitted to find its way out as best it could. In the time of Henry VIII Oxford students when children were allowed to take a half-hour's run to get their feet warm, no fire being allowed in the university. So late as Elizabeth's time, even in the cities, fire was "laid to the wall," and the smoke escaped through the door or roof. A tax of two shillings was laid on chimneys in 1680.

BOTTLED TEARS.—In Persia they bottle their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every other means have failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear-bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection.

TREASURE.—The Emperor of Annam has a large place of water in his palace, in which he keeps his reserve treasure, to be touched only in case of absolute necessity. The money not intended for use is placed in the hollowed out trunks of trees, which are thrown into the water. To keep away thieves and prevent the king himself from being tempted to draw upon this reserve fund without sufficient cause, a number of crocodiles are kept in the water, their presence and the certainty of being eaten alive acting as a wholesome restrainer and insuring the security of the royal treasure in a most effectual manner. When it becomes indispensable to draw upon this novel style of bank the crocodiles have to be killed.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.—The Berlin Journals relates the following incident, which has just taken place in Prussia: "A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signalled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. With a heroic devotedness to his duty the unfortunate man adopted a sublime resolution. 'Lie down!' he shouted out to the boy, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed slowly on its way, and the lives of a hundred passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to take up only a corpse, but what was joy on finding that the child had at once obeyed his order—he had lain down—and the train had passed over him without injury! The next day the king sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage."

NO FIRE.—The Papuans of the Malay coast of New Guinea are represented by the Russian explorer, Dr. Miklucho Maclay, as being in the most primitive stage. They are wholly unacquainted with metals, and make their weapons of stone, bones, and wood. They do not know how to start a fire, though fire is in use among them. When the traveler asked them how they made a fire, they could not understand his question, but they regarded it as very amusing, and answered that when a person's fires in the village should go out, they would get it from the next village. Some of the natives represented that their fathers and grandfathers had told them that they remembered a time, or had heard from their ancestors that there was a time, when fire was not known, and everything was eaten raw. The natives of the southern coast of New Guinea, having no iron, shave themselves now with a piece of glass. Formerly they shaved with flint, which they could sharpen quite well, and used with considerable dexterity.

THEN AND NOW.

Where were you, love, ten years ago?
  Alone I saw a land of blue;
Then wandered through the blossom-snow,
  And dreamed a woman such as you.
So like the picture I only turn,
  Love's breezes shake the lilac tree;
I called you then across the fern,
  But there was none to answer me!
  God's world was very glad, you know,
  But I was sad ten years ago!

What was your life ten years ago?
  You woman with the haunting face:
With eyes as soft and voice as low,
  Who came in fancy to this place.
You touched my face and took my hand,
  And whispered of a life to be,
Some day in distant flower-land,
  When calling you would answer me.
  What was the hope that seemed to grow
  In dreams of your ten years ago?

Where are we now? Ten years ago
  We were two beings, but apart;
But now, since I have loved you so,
  You take me closely to your heart
Listen one moment, ere we part,
  Beneath this gold laburnum tree,
Let me knock gently at your heart,
  And hear if you will answer me.
  Thank God that you have made me know
  The love I dreamed ten years ago!

AT QUEEN'S CHACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

HE asked himself what he should do, for it had suddenly occurred to him that Veronica was his eldest daughter, and that she—not the golden-haired girl singing with the clear voice of a bird—was the heiress of Queen's Chace, and the thought pierced his soul like a sharp sword. What should he do?

His first impulse was to tell his story; then the second thought came—he could not.

Of all people living his wife was, perhaps, the most unsympathetic.

He could not take the treasured love-story from his heart and hold it up to the public gaze.

He could not have uttered the name of Giulia, nor have told how she died, when the sun was setting, with her head on his breast.

It would have been easier for him to tear the living, beating heart from his breast than to do this.

He could imagine his wife's cold, proud, handsome eyes dilating in unmitigated wonder.

He could hear the cold, grave voice saying, "What a romance!

"Why have you hidden it all these years?"

He could anticipate the sneers, the comments about the great statesman's love-story.

Ah, if it had but been possible for him to die with her!

So he sat there musing, with Assunta's letter in his hand.

He found afterward that he had missed one paragraph, in which she told him that she had prepared Veronica to live for the future with her English guardian.

Sir Jasper Brandon suffered keenly. He was an English gentleman, with English notions of right and wrong.

He hated all injustice, all concealment, all deceit, all fraud, and wrong-doing, all dishonesty.

He did not, on receipt of Assunta's letter tell his wife and daughter the truth.

He said to himself that he would come to no decision, that he would wait and see what Veronica was like.

"You look perplexed and thoughtful, papa," said Katherine Brandon. "Let me help you.

"Women's wits, they say, are quicker and keener than men's."

"It is a libel," he replied, trying to speak lightly. "I may well look perplexed, Katherine—I am dismayed."

Lady Brandon closed her book and looked at him.

"You dismayed?" she cried. "What has happened? Has Brookes voted with the Opposition, or what?"

"It is nothing of that kind," said the politician.

"This is a domestic difficulty, about which I shall have to ask your help."

At the word "domestic" Lady Brandon opened her book again—matters of that description never interested her.

"The fact is," continued Sir Jasper, "that a friend of mine has died lately in Italy, and has left me a ward."

"A ward!" cried Lady Brandon. "How intolerable! What a liberty to take!"

"A ward!" cried Katherine. "How strange, papa!"

Sir Jasper turned to his wife.

He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed him.

"Do not say 'intolerable,' Marie; we must make the best of it."

"But who is it?" cried her ladyship. "Of course, if it be any one of position, that would make a difference."

"The young lady—my ward, Veronica di Cynthia—is descended from one of the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have a large fortune."

"And is that too placed in your hands," asked his wife.

"That also is in my hands," he replied briefly.

"But, Jasper," cried her ladyship, "surely you are going to tell us more?

"Who is, or rather who was, your friend? Tell me: I want to know the whole history."

He walked to the end of the long drawing-room and back before he replied; then he said briefly—

"I have nothing to tell. I met the Di Cynthias when I was abroad, and that accounts for the trust, so far as I can account for it."

Lady Brandon had studied her husband long enough to know that when he spoke in the tone that he now did it was quite useless to persevere in making any inquiries.

"Some friends whom he met in Italy," she said to herself.

"Most probably, as he is so reticent, it was a political friend—indeed, now I come to think of it, that solves the mystery. There is a political secret hidden under the mystery."

Once feeling sure of that, Lady Brandon resigned herself to circumstances.

A political secret, she knew quite well, could never be forced from her husband's keeping.

"But what will you do with a ward in Italy, papa?" asked Katherine.

Sir Jasper turned his careworn face to her and it cleared a little as he met the gaze of the bright sweet eyes.

"That is the difficulty Katherine," he replied; "her property will be in England, and she must come to live with us."

Again Lady Brandon looked up—this time there was some little contempt on her face.

"That is impossible, Sir Jasper," she said; "I could not think of receiving a stranger into the very heart of my home."

He paused for a few minutes before answering her, and then he said gently—

"You have always been so kind to me, Marie, so attentive to my interests, that I am sure you will never refuse anything that will be of service to me."

"Would it be of service?" she asked, quickly.

"Most assuredly it would," he replied. "You would help me out of a real difficulty?"

"Then," said Lady Brandon, "if it will serve your interests I will do it. I withdraw my opposition."

Sir Jasper bent down and kissed the white jeweled hands.

"You have always studied my interests," he said, "and I am always grateful."

"It will be just as though I had a sister," said Katherine—and the words struck Sir Jasper like a blow.

"I wonder what she is like, papa? Dark, I suppose, as she is Italian?

"We shall contrast well. I need not be jealous if she is a brunette.

"I will be very kind to her. Is it her father or mother who has just died, papa?"

Again he shuddered as the careless words fell on his ear.

He made a pretense of not having heard what she said.

Katherine, with her quick instinct, seeing the question was not agreeable to him, did not press it.

Both ladies settled the matter in their own minds and according to their own lights.

Lady Brandon concluded that the dead had probably been one who shared her husband's political secrets.

Katherine thought to herself that it was probably some one whom her father had known in his youth.

They were both content, and talked quite amiably about it.

Sir Jasper bore it as long as he could; then he quitted the room and went to his study.

"You see, Katherine," said Lady Brandon, "if the girl is really noble and wealthy, it will be an acquisition rather than otherwise."

"I am pleased about it, mamma;" cried the girl.

"I have always felt the want of a sister; now I shall have one."

"I would not say anything about that, my dear, until you have seen what she is like," said prudent Lady Brandon; "it is always better not to commit oneself in any way."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings.

There was complete confidence between this mother and child.

Katherine laughed at her mother's very candid worldliness.

She teased her about her worship of Mammon.

But she was very fond of her.

While Lady Brandon worshiped her beautiful child—she thought there was no one like her in the wide world—all the love of which she was capable, the love of heart and soul, was centered on and in her darling.

Meanwhile Sir Jasper was in favor of delay.

What should he do?

It was as though the dead ghost of his youth had suddenly risen up before him; he was utterly unnerved.

Then it came clear to him that he must send some one to fetch her. Whom could he send?

He could not go himself—he was not strong enough to travel.

Did he care to see again the place where he had suffered so much.

He decided that the best person to send would be his agent, John Segrave, a sensible, experienced man of the world.

He wrote at once to summon Mr. Segrave; and, when he had reached Queen's Chace, he told him exactly the same story that he had told his wife.

"I want you to go to Italy," he said, "to bring back with you a young lady, my ward who is for the future to make her home with Lady Brandon."

The agent set out, simply provided with funds.

Then Sir Jasper spent day and night in a state of terrible suspense.

What would she be like, this daughter of his lost Giulia?

Would she torture him with her mother's face—with her mother's eyes?

If so, he could not bear it—he should go mad.

By night and by day he asked himself that question—what would she be like?

December came with its frost and cold, its biting wind and snow-bound earth, before that question was answered.

It was on the second of December that he received a letter from Mr. Segrave, saying that he hoped to reach the Chace with his charge on the following day.

Sir Jasper was greatly agitated, although he beat down his emotion with an iron hand.

She was coming—Giulia's little child, who had nestled for one brief moment in her mother's dying arms—Giulia's little daughter—the babe from whom he had turned with something like bitter hate in his heart.

What would she be like?

He asked about her rooms, and Katherine took him to see them—a pretty suite of rooms in the western wing.

They looked very bright in the winter sunlight, with their cheerful fires and choice flowers.

"She will like these rooms, papa," said Katherine.

"See what I have put here—all the Italian views and photographs that I can find. See here is the Arno, here is the Rialto in Venice."

She stopped suddenly.

Why did he pause and turn from her with a sharp sudden cry?

There was the very spot on which he had stood when Giulia's fair face first shone down upon him.

"It is nothing, child," he said, in answer to her anxious inquires—"less than nothing—a sharp sudden pain that hurts but will never kill me."

"How do you know that it will never kill you, papa?" she asked.

"Because, my darling, if it could have shortened my life, it would have done so long ago," he replied.

"Now show me all the arrangements you have made for my ward."

"Papa," cried generous, beautiful Katherine, "she will be very dull she will be very lonely.

"Do you suppose that she is alone in the world—that she has no other friends but us?

"If she had but one, it would be something."

"I cannot tell you, Katherine," he replied. "You must ask her when she comes."

He was pleased to see the arrangements his wife and daughter had made for her, yet as the time for her arrival drew near, he trembled and shuddered like one seized with a sudden cold.

He had to meet the child he had literally given away—Giulia's daughter.

CHAPTER III.

VERONICA stood before her father—a tall, beautiful woman, with a noble Venetian face.

She was quite unlike anything he had pictured.

He had fancied a girl with Giulia's sweet face, with her golden hair and sensitive lips.

The girl before him looked like a Roman Empress, but that she had Giulia's eyes—her dark, tender, passionate eyes—the eyes that had made for him the only light that he had ever known—with hair as black as night, and worn after the old Grecian fashion.

She was more beautiful than her young mother had ever been, but it was a different type of loveliness.

As he gazed upon her, Sir Jasper Brandon owned to himself that it was the most beautiful and the saddest face he had ever seen.

The dark eyes had a story in their depths, the proud lips trembled even as she smiled.

"Where have I seen a face something like it?" he asked himself.

Then he remembered that it was in one of his favorite pictures hanging in the Louvre.

He had gone himself to the station to meet her.

Lady Brandon was very shrewd, and Katherine was shrewder still.

He felt that he might betray himself. So he had decided on meeting Veronica that the first shock might pass unperceived. And a shock it was when she looked up at him with Giulia's eyes.

He stood still for a few moments, beating back the anguish that almost mastered him.

Then he held up his hands in greeting to her.

"Veronica," he said gently, "welcome to England!"

He did not kiss the beautiful face—he dared not trust himself.

"Welcome!" he repeated, adding, "Do you speak English?"

To his surprise she answered him in English.

She spoke the language exceedingly well but with a slight foreign accent that was very musical and charming.

"Yes, I speak English; it was my own wish. I learned by my own desire; my aunt was very unwilling."

"Why did you wish to learn?" he said. "It is harsh after your beautiful liquid Italian."

"I cannot tell; but something seemed always to stir in my heart at the very mention of England.

"I hardly knew whether it was pain or pleasure, for it was unlike either. Now I know what it was!"

"What?" he asked, wondering if any idea of the truth had occurred to her.

"It was a foreboding," she replied; "it was because I had to come to England." Then she glanced at him again.

"Are you my guardian?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," he replied. "I came to meet you; I thought you would feel dull at first in a strange country."

"I have been dull all my life," she said, with a smile—the saddest smile he had ever seen.

"We must try to make you happier," he said.

"Why are you my guardian?" she asked. "I cannot understand it.

"My aunt never spoke to me of you until she was dying, and then she told me that far away in England there lived a rich gentleman who would be my guardian when she was dead—that I was to live with him in England and be docile to him. It will not be difficult to be very docile to you."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I like you," she answered, simply.

"I can always tell at first sight whether I shall like any one or not, and I do like you."

He helped her into the carriage and sat down by her side.

The servants were very busy with her luggage.

Mr. Segrave drove home with Sir Jasper and his ward, and all the way the Baronet was saying to himself—

"This is Giulia's daughter; that beautiful head lay on Giulia's breast—that is Giulia's child!"

He longed to clasp her in his arms, to say, "You have your mother's eyes, child; you have the same sweet voice and the same loving heart."

All his fancied dislike melted as he gazed on her.

He wondered how he could have hated her, how he could have forgotten her.

He reproached himself for it with bitter reproaches.

How could he have been unkind to Giulia's child?

"I have been dull all my life," she had said, and the words smote him with severe pain.

He longed to say to her, "I am your father, Veronica, but my love for your mother is shut up in my heart.

It is my most cherished secret; it is so sacred to me that I cannot talk of it.

"I cannot tell others of it; it is the very core of my heart."

He was sorely tempted, but "Not yet," he said to himself—"not yet." He turned to her suddenly.

"Tell me about your life, Veronica," he said. "What made it so dull? How have you spent it?"

"I have lived always with my aunt Assunta," she replied, "and my aunt was a woman whose heart must have been broken when she was very young, I think.

"She never laughed, she never smiled, but she hated the English.

"They are so perfidious, she said, as Judas.

"The sun never shines on England; it is always dark with Heaven's frown. She would not let me have any friends. We used to sit for days and months and years in that dark old palace, watching the water, watching the sky, seldom speaking a word.

"She gave me histories to read, and after many prayers she allowed me to have masters for painting—nothing else; and for many years I have passed my life in reading dull histories and in painting."

"Poor child," he said, "it was not a very bright life, was it?"

"No. I have often asked her to tell me where my mother and father be buried; but my aunt would never inform me. I have never seen my mother's grave."

Sir Jasper's face grew white with emotion.

He said to himself, "It is Giulia's child who has led this sad life—who has never known one bright hour.

He dared not look at her lest she should wonder at the pain on his face.

"How old are you, Veronica?" he asked.

"I am twenty, as men count years," she said.

"It seems to me that I have lived a century in the dark old palace.

"It was full of spirits who wailed all night through the long dark passages. When my aunt was angry with me, she said always that I was a child, an ignorant child.

"I think myself I am very old, more like a woman whose years are run than a child."

"You will not feel so when you have lived a little longer," he said gently. "Veronica, look round you.

"This is an English winter. Do you see how white the ground is—how great icicles hang like huge diamonds from the trees and hedges?

"When the sun shines on the snow and sparkles on the ice, I do not think there is a grander sight in the world."

"I wonder," said Veronica musingly, "why my aunt disliked England so much—do you know?"

He tried to answer her indifferently.

"It would require a very learned philoso-

pher to understand a lady's likes and dislikes," he said.

"Veronica, you say that you have had a very sad life.

"Let me advise you to try to forget it—forget the gloomy aunt who seems to have been so mistaken.

"Just as a flower opens its heart to the sun, open yours to the sunshine of happiness. Will you try?"

"I will try," she answered. "I will do anything you tell me."

Then he pointed out to her the beauties of the park through which they were driving, and then, in the distance, the towers of Queen's Chace.

"How beautiful!" she cried.

"And see—the sun shines on it; it looks as though Heaven were blessing it."

He wondered what she would say if she knew that this superb house ought one day by right to be hers.

"Tell me," she cried—"what do you call this beautiful place?

"Teach me to say it; teach me to say your name. What must I call you?"

And he taught Giulia's child to call him Sir Jasper, while longing with all his heart to hear the word "father" from his lips.

"Some day," he said to himself, "I will tell her all about it, and she will know.

"Then I will ask her to call me 'father'—and I shall hear all earth's music in the word."

Sir Jasper said one thing to Veronica on entering the house.

He turned to her with an expression of pain on his face.

"Veronica," he said, "I want to ask you one favor—that is, I wish to give you one piece of advice, afterward you will know the reason why.

"I advise you to say nothing whatever of the home you have left.

"People are sure to ask you questions. Do not answer them; evade them."

Veronica, looking up at him with the simple faith of a child, replied—

"I will—I will do whatever you tell me."

And he knew from that moment that any secret, anything which touched his interests, was as safe in her hands as in his own.

He never forgot the expression of utter astonishment on Lady Brandon's face as the young girl came forward, with her graceful self-possessed manner to speak to her.

"I really thought," she said afterward to her husband, "that an old Venetian figure had descended from its frame.

"What a face she has, Jasper! It is essentially Venetian, not Florentine—I know the Florentine type so well, not Roman, but purely Venetian.

"Her mother must have been a beautiful woman."

He winced at the words, but made no reply.

Lady Brandon smiled as she continued—

"She is a great contrast to Katherine.

"I am not sure that it is wise to bring a rival beauty into the house."

Sir Jasper looked up impatiently: this woman's tattle annoyed him.

"She will never harm Katherine," he said, somewhat sternly.

"Do not put ideas of that kind into Kate's head.

"I want her to like the young stranger. See—that is a pretty picture."

Husband and wife were standing by the fire-place in the Yellow Drawing-room, as one of the prettiest apartments at Queen's Chace was called.

The two girls were at the other end—Katherine seated on a low chair, her golden head thrown back, and Veronica kneeling on the ground by her side.

The two faces were each lovely, yet differed entirely.

Veronica was gazing at the English girl with something like rapture in her face.

Katherine was a new revelation of beauty to her.

"Tell me something about your home," said Katherine.

"The one dream of my life is to go to Italy; but papa will never hear of it."

Veronica gave one hasty glance across the room to the dark, handsome face of the man who had so great an influence over her.

Remembering her promise, she answered—

"Ask me about anything you will," she replied, "except about home. I cannot speak of it."

Katherine looked at the flushed face, and, thinking that the subject was one too sad for her, she stooped down and kissed her.

"I will not ask you about home or anything else that grieves you, Veronica," she said.

"It must be very sad; you have lost everything—every one.

"But you will be happy with us after a time.

You shall be my sister—I have always longed for one.

"And you will love papa, every one loves him when they know him."

It was strange but typical that she did not speak of Lady Brandon.

She said nothing about loving her.

"Kiss me, Veronica," she said—"not coldly, but as if you were really my own sister.

"I shall love you as though you were."

The dark eyes filled slowly with tears.

"You will love me?" she said. "It seems impossible; it is too good—it cannot be true. You will really love me?"

"Why should I not?" asked Katherine, wondering at the girl's emotion.

"Why should you rather?" she replied. "You are so different from me. You seem to me like a fairy princess. You live in the midst of beauty and magnificence. Every one loves you. Even the servants who wait upon you seem almost to worship you. You have the sunshine ever on your head. Look at these bright threads of gold! You seem to me more lovely than a poet's dream."

Katherine laughed; flattery was always pleasant to her.

She experienced a girl's natural delight in being called lovely.

Then she passed her white fingers over the bowed head.

"Has no one ever told you that you were beautiful?"

"No; I have never heard any one speaking of me in that way," replied Veronica.

"Then let me tell you, now," said Katherine. "You are a thousand times more beautiful than I am. But I am not jealous of you—I love you. Mine is a pretty pink-and-white, healthy, happy kind of beauty; yours is a grand, half-sad, wholly imperial loveliness. I am like a rose-bud, you are like a mystical passion-flower. There are hundreds of girls like me—there can be few others like you."

"Is it really true?" asked Veronica. "Am I really beautiful? Tell me, dear Katherine—do you think that any one who saw me for the first time would really like me."

"I am sure that every one would admire you very much, and those who knew you would love you."

"It seems so strange," said Veronica—and Katherine saw a light come over her face—"so strange. I have never thought of myself in that way at all. I have often wondered if ever any one would love me."

"Did they not love you at home?" asked Katherine, surprised.

"We will not talk of home," was the reply, uttered sadly. "No; you are the first person in all the world who ever said to me, 'I love you!'"

"I am glad, yet sorry," said the English girl, slowly.

A strange light came over Veronica's face.

Her eyes darkened, a quiver passed over her lips.

"Yes, you are the first," she said; "and because in all my life you have been the first to say to me, 'I love you,' I swear fealty to you—I will be true to you until death—I will be a friend more than in name. If the time should ever come when, by laying down my life, I can save yours, I will do it. If the time should ever come when I can take a trouble from you, or by suffering myself save you from suffering, I will do it or undergo it."

Katherine was touched by the earnest, passionate words.

"How much you think of kind words, Veronica," she said.

"Ah, you do not know! I have been all my long solitary life without them. For years I heard but one voice, and it never addressed me kindly. No one in all this world has been so utterly alone."

"It is all ended now," said Katherine; "you have us to love you."

"Yes, it is ended," returned Veronica. "Do you know, Caterina, that I could not believe the world was fair or bright?

"It seemed to me impossible. I knew that the skies were blue, and that the light of the sun was golden, but I did not understand the glory and the loveliness that seem common to you.

"Once, long ago, I found an old book of poems, and I read them.

"They were all about the beauty and passion and tenderness of life.

"I thought the man who wrote them—Alfieri—was mad; now I think there was some method in his madness.

"Do you know, Caterina—I like to give you the sweet soft Italian name—that for long years I have never had but one thought, and that that was how soon Heaven would let me die?"

Katherine caressed the dark shining waves of hair.

"Such thoughts as those have brought all those mystical shadows into your eyes, Veronica; we must have no more of them," she said.

"Even my name," remarked the girl, "has a sad kind of music in it. And so you love me, Katherine? Tell me what to do for you, how to thank you, how to serve you. I will see with your eyes, I will hear with your ears. I shall go to sleep happy, I shall wake up happy, thinking to myself that someone deems me beautiful, and that someone loves me. You have brightened all my life for me by your goodness."

"I do not think it is goodness," said Katherine; "with me it is simply that I cannot help it."

"It might have been different," rejoined Veronica.

"You might have been angry and vexed that a stranger should come into your home—the very heart of your home as it were, you might have received me coolly, treated me unkindly, laughed at me even because of my strange dress and strange manners, but you have been an angel of goodness to me.

"For that," she continued, with the sudden passion that made her so beautiful, "I will give you my life should you need it, my service always, my love if you will take it, my heart always."

They formed certainly one of the prettiest of pictures.

The English girl, with her bright, fair beauty, her golden hair, her dress of white silk, her shining jewels, her happy, loving bright manner, and the dark-eyed Venetian, with her pale, passionate, matchless loveliness, her black robes so quaint and picturesque.

Then, as they talked longer, gradually they changed attitudes.

It was Veronica who became the protector, and Katherine the younger sister.

Their lives had been so different, yet they were children of one father.

Veronica's one wonder was the long shining golden hair.

She never tired of caressing it, of twining it around her long fingers and of praising it.

"Do you know," she said to Katherine, "that once—oh, long ago!—I was arranging an old wardrobe for my aunt, and I saw a little parcel of white paper? I opened it, and inside it lay a long tress of shining golden hair so much like this. I was almost frightened at it. For it seemed so twine round my fingers as though it were living. I took it to my aunt and showed it to her. She grew so angry. 'Whenever you see hair like that,' she said, 'always pray that England may be ruined by its own gold, by the greed of its sons and the folly of its daughters.' Her words come back to my mind now as I hold this golden hair in my hands."

"They were very horrible words, and your aunt must have been wicked to utter them. What harm had the English done her?"

"I cannot tell, but she hated them. She was angry that I wished to learn English; but I would. It was strange that when she hated it. I should love it. I think England beautiful. Our Venice is perhaps one of the fairest spots on the earth, but everything seems so much brighter and happier here."

"Papa," said Katherine that same evening, "I fancy your ward Veronica has been very unhappy all her life."

"I hope not," he returned, quietly.

"I feel sure of it. I have been contrasting her life with mine. How strange it is, papa, that in this world things are so unequal. Some have so much, others so little. Veronica seems to have had nothing at all."

He made no reply.

He thought to himself that it was hard, seeing that they were children of the one father.

Later on he drew Katherine's golden head down and kissed her face.

"Be kind to Veronica, my dear," he said. "A joyless life is indeed very hard to bear."

And Katherine obeyed him, because it was impossible to know Veronica and not to love her.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE two weeks had passed Veronica was quite at home at Queen's Chace.

Lady Brandon who had at first been inclined to look upon the whole matter as a misfortune, now began to think otherwise.

She now thought to herself that the next season she would be more popular than ever.

She would be the mother of one of the fairest blondes and chaperon of one of the most beautiful brunettes.

She saw that the two young girls would never be rivals, their style differed so very much.

She began to take great interest in Veronica.

She went to her husband and told him that she must have *carte blanche* for Veronica's wardrobe.

"It is all very well," said her ladyship, "to look like a picture; but dressing like one is quite a different matter. Your ward must dress like other people, Sir Jasper. I suppose she can have what money she likes?"

He smiled.

"Certainly," he replied, "she is an heiress, I have told you. She must be treated as one."

Very soon afterwards he placed in her hands a check for three hundred pounds.

"We can arrange later on," he added, "about her yearly allowance—at present purchase for her everything that she requires."

"Her wants are legion," said Lady Brandon; "she has literally nothing, except a few picturesque old dresses that would look very nice in an old curiosity shop."

Lady Brandon set to work at once.

She knew too well the effect of dress to offer to transform Veronica into a fashionable English lady.

Everything she purchased was made after some picturesque Venetian fashion, and Sir Jasper was much pleased when he saw it.

"You have preserved the unities," he said to his wife with one of those rare smiles that so altered the expression of his face.

As for Veronica herself, she could not understand such attention.

"All this for me!" she cried, when she saw the lace, the silks, the velvets, the thousand little elegancies that make up a lady's toilet—fans and slippers, gloves and sunshades.

Then Sir Jasper brought her some superb jewels—a set of rubies that suited her dark loveliness, a set of corals and a suite of diamonds.

The girl raised her wondering face to his when he showed them to her.

"Why do you do all this for me?" she asked.

He looked down at her.

She was looking at him with dead Giulia's love-lit eyes.

"Why?" he repeated. "Because I am your guardian. You will know more some day."

She took his hand and kissed it in her strange impulsive fashion.

"You are very good to me, and I am very grateful," she said.

But it seemed to him that Giulia's lips had touched him.

He shrank back from her, pale and trembling.

"Never do that again, child," he said—"never again."

She glanced at him quickly, not understanding.

How could she?

"Have I vexed you?" she asked. "I am sorry, for you are so kind."

"You have not vexed me, Veronica," he said. "Why should you do so? English people are unused to showing emotion—yours startled me. I am pleased that you like the jewels. I shall be glad to see you wear them when your black dresses are laid aside."

By the middle of December Veronica was quite at home.

How she loved Katherine!

She had a strange, vague, undefined sentiment about Sir Jasper.

It was a feeling that even she herself could not understand.

She was grateful to Lady Brandon.

She would have done anything for her.

But it was Katherine whom she loved—the beautiful, dainty, capricious young heiress—Katherine, who had been the first to love her.

There was something almost pathetic in the way in which she followed her about and waited upon her.

She would have served her almost on her knees.

She watched her every look, waited for her every word.

Lady Brandon was amused by it, Sir Jasper was pained.

She had been introduced to most of their friends and neighbors.

The beautiful Venetian girl whose face was a study, whose voice was like music, was admired by all who saw her.

She went with Katherine to all the balls, the soirees, the parties in the neighborhood where they reigned as queens.

There was no jealousy, no rivalry between them.

How could there be when Veronica worshiped her brilliant young sister.

So Christmas came.

It was as usual kept up in right good English style at Queen's Chace.

Every man, woman and child on the estate was the happier for its coming, and richer.

Sir Jasper was most liberal.

The friends he had invited came.

Amongst them was Alton, Lord Wynleigh, who had decided not to leave Queen's Chace until he had won the hand of its heiress.

He conquered after a few days' hard siege.

The lovely, wilful girl plighted to him her troth, and he knew that she would keep it sacred until death.

It was a pretty love-story.

It came to a crisis on Christmas-eve, as he held her under the mistletoe and demanded the forfeit.

"Give me something else, Kate," he said. "A kiss from you is indeed a favor, but I want something more."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want your love, your promise to be my wife, your troth plight. I want you, my darling, to be my own forever and ever. What do you say?"

The sweet flushed face drooped before his, the blue eyes could not meet his own, the sweet lips then opened, but he could not hear the faint whisper that came from them.

"Kate," he said, "what do you say? You know, my darling, if I thought you did not love me, I would go away from out of the light of your sweet presence, and I would—well, I should be worth nothing all the rest of my life. You see, Kate, you are a great heiress—that makes all the difference."

"What difference does it make?" she asked.

"Just this—that, if you were not a great heiress, I should make you love me. I would clasp you in my arms and kiss you until you said 'Yes,' but——"

"But what, Alton?"

"If I urged you too much, and prayed and begged of you as it is in my heart to pray, you might think I cared about your fortune; but I do not."

"I am very sure that you do not," she replied.

"My darling," he said, drawing her nearer to him, "you trust me; you shall see that your trust is not in vain. Will you be my wife, Kate?"

The answer this time must have satisfied him.

He kissed the lips on which it trembled, murmuring words that were sweetest music to Katherine.

"I shall work for you, Kate," he said—"my Kate, the bonniest Kate in Christendom. I will not ask you to marry me until I have made a position worthy of your father's daughter. I have led a useless life, but it shall be useless no longer. I will work for you. Men shall never say I married an heiress for her money. Kate, your sweet love has made a man of me. To-morrow will be Christmas day, and in the morning I shall go to your father and tell him. Do you think he will give you to me, Kate?"

"I hope so," she replied, quietly. "He would do anything to make me happy."

That was why Sir Jasper sat on Christmas morning as the gay bells were ringing, with saddened eyes and darkening face,

while the great heart of the world beat high with joy.

Lord Wynleigh had waited upon him to make his formal request for his daughter's hand.

Sir Jasper listened kindly—he had a great liking for the gallant, handsome young lover.

"What am I to say to you, Wynleigh? My daughter has many suitors. I should like her to marry the one she loves best."

"That is myself, Sir Jasper," he replied, proudly.

Sir Jasper smiled.

"You think so. Well, there is one remark I must make. So far as regards 'worldly goods' you are certainly not the most eligible lover."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"She Stoops To Conquer."

BY MARY GRACE WIGHTWICK.

THE westering sun was sinking over the hills, deepening the tint of the purple heather, re-gilding the golden gorse.

Its level beams made rosy the white, far distant cliffs, and intensified the tone of a sea almost too blue to lave an English shore.

Bernard Clive's brush moved rapidly as he transferred to his sketching block a group of gigantic rocks and a stretch of moorland scenery, glorified for the nonce by the glamor of the sunset.

He was not best pleased when an interruption came in the shape of galloping horses' hoofs, and a rider appeared on the crest of the moor, riding rapidly in the direction along a narrow bridle road, ending as he perceived to his horror, a few hundred yards farther on, in a steep, broken descent to the sea a thousand feet below.

And now the runaway animal was near enough for him to see by the floating skirt that the rider was a lady, powerless to check her horse, or even turn its course. In a moment the dreamy artist was transformed into the man of action.

Half a dozen bounds through the few yards of gorse and heather which divided him from the bridle path below, and he stood ready to oppose his youthful strength to the horse's mad career.

There was a doubtful moment of suspense as rider and steed reached the crown of the hill and began to descend the terrible slope towards destruction, then came an encounter, a brief struggle, and Clive had gained the victory.

The horse stood panting beside him, and he received the terrified lady in his arms as she sank into a swoon.

Her hat had fallen off.

A tangle of rippling golden brown hair half concealed the pale deathly face which rested on his shoulder.

This result was more embarrassing than the rescue to the young artist, who knew little of womankind and their ways.

What should he do here in this moorland wilderness with this helpless burden lying prone upon his arm?

He looked around.

To right and left only rocks and heather and the sea rippling far below; but on the far horizon, inland, a dark speck, which soon developed into a galloping groom, who arrived pale with agitation expecting nothing less than the worst.

The sight of Clive's face re-assured him a little.

"It's all right. She was not thrown, I was just in time, thank heaven!"

The man shuddered as he looked towards the awful brink not far off.

"Yes; it was a fearful risk," said Clive, answering his unspoken thought, "but never mind that now. We must think what can be done. How near can you get any help?"

"No nigher than Combehurst, sir. I could ride back and tell them to send a carriage if you can stay with my mistress."

"Then ride your hardest, and explain where we are to be found. Who is your mistress?"

"Lady Crewe, of Combehurst, sir."

"Well, send her maid in the carriage, and tie up that horse securely before ye go."

Bernard Clive had no pity to spare for the white-faced groom, who seemed half mazed with terror and excitement.

His thoughts were absorbed by his helpless charge as he laid her tenderly down on a bed of heather beneath a sheltering rock, supporting her head upon his knee as he gently fanned her with his hat.

It seemed an age before a faint color fluttered back to the pallid cheek, and the breath began to return in painful, gasping sighs.

Bernard had never seen a woman faint before, and his face looked sufficiently concerned as he bent over her, wondering how best to give the sufferer relief.

That she was young and beautiful naturally increased his compassion.

He felt infinitely relieved when just as a pair of the loveliest possible grey-blue eyes unclosed and met his wistful ones with a dreamy look of surprise, followed by a charming tinge of color, the roll of carriage wheels sounded on the rocky road, and a brougham hove in sight drawn by two spirited thoroughbreds with Lady Crewe's groom in attendance as outrider.

A neat-looking maid stepped from the carriage and hastened towards her prostrate mistress with loud demonstrations of distress.

"Hush!" cried Bernard, sternly. "She is already coming round.

"Don't alarm her. Tell them to turn the carriage and I will take her to it at once. You are better, Madam, are you not?"

"Yes, yes; I can walk."

"You are able to? Take my arm then There! that is right," as she slowly tottered to the carriage supported between himself and her maid.

He waited bareheaded to watch the brougham drive jolting away over the hard rough ground, and then went to collect his scattered painting materials.

Suddenly the carriage stopped and a footman came hastening back.

My lady wished to know the gentleman's name and address.

The artist handed the man a card upon which he had scribbled the name of the little inn in Combehurst village where he was staying, then slung his knapsack over his shoulder and went on his way.

The sun had sunk below the hills. Sea and sky were surging into a grey uniformity of color.

The twilight gloom was deepening over the moor, and gorse and heather rustled sadly in the evening breeze, the Ichabod of their departed glory.

So at least it seemed to Clive; and when he returned to his temporary quarters at the village inn, there was nothing about the dingy little parlor to raise his spirits.

Combehurst was a favorite haunt with artists, and many painters before him had been pained with the crudities of this parlor's gaudy coloring; with the verdant carpet, and brickdust table-cloth, with the cumbrous gilt-framed mirror draped in pink like a village maiden at a fair, with the libellous caricatures of Nelson and Wellington which graced the walls.

Clive spent as little time there as possible.

Like most lovers of nature, he preferred to hear the lark sing in the yellow cornfields, rather than the mouse squeak behind the wainscot.

So he escaped to the brown moors and fern-fringed lanes, to the company of the brawling streams and whispering woods, where morning mists, and evening sunsets, and noontide glory found him busy with his brush.

But this evening some disturbing element had come between him and his work.

He went for a stroll in the dusk to try and forget his adventure.

There was not much chance of it. Every stone about the little rural village seemed echoing the name of Lady Crewe.

The schools?—Lady Crewe had built them.

The church?—Restored by Lady Crewe. The peasant mothers, the village children had her name an the story of her goodness always on her lips.

Clive could see that he himself rose in the estimation of his worthy landlord when later in the evening a little note was brought to him from the great Lady of the village.

"Would Mr. Clive be so good as to call upon Lady Crewe at 4 o'clock the following afternoon?"

He obeyed the summons; and punctually at the hour named stood beneath the massive portico of Combehurst.

The man-servant who answered the door led Clive through a lofty hall of Pompeian style and coloring, along tile-paved passages to my Lady's own boudoir; a charming little sanctum, where peacock-hued hangs gleaming with golden threads made a fitting background to one of the loveliest pictures that Clive in his artist-life and artist-dreams had ever looked upon.

If Lady Crewe had seemed to him passing fair in the dark riding-habit of yesterday, what must he think of her to-day in these creamy-lace-softened draperies, with the outline of her shapely head, and golden hair dressed in a fashion all her own, defined against a harmonious background of soft, yet brilliant tone?

She half rose as he entered, and held out her hand with gracious sincerity.

"You will excuse this informal reception Mr. Clive; I am in no mood for visitors today, and am not at home to the world at large.

"This is my cousin, Miss Warner, who kindly keeps me company in my loneliness.

"Alicia! let me introduce Mr. Clive, my brave preserver of yesterday.

"Help me to thank him for his prompt heroism."

The elderly duenna whose large sausage curls proclaimed the era of her long-past youth, jumped up—displacing as she did so a large white cat which lay purring on her lap—and heartily shook hands with the visitor, seizing this opportunity of shedding a few tears from a reservoir very near the surface with Miss Warner, and always apt to brim over.

Her murmurs of gratitude were almost choked in sobs.

"Come, Alicia, enough of that. Mr. Clive! I am afraid the life you have saved is of little value to anyone but the owner," with a bitter-sweet smile which saddened the young man; "nevertheless I owe you my grateful thanks for rescuing me from the horrible death I thought was inevitable."

She paled and shuddered.

The tearful Alicia sobbed and sniffed again.

"I want to know how best to show my gratitude.

"You are an artist by profession I hear. Can I—are you—have you any schemes which I can forward?"

This, with a glow of embarrassment, for it was a difficult role—that of playing Lady Bountiful to this handsome young fellow with his air of haughty independence.

"Your kind acknowledgment of my slight service is sufficient reward," he said, promptly.

"I trust you have recovered from the effects of your alarm?"

"I have not recovered," she said, pointedly. "I shall never feel really myself again while I am crushed under such a load of obligation.

"Won't you let me help you? Genius is seldom prosperous: I am rich—for my wants. Will you accept nothing from me?"

The sweet wistful smile stirred Bernard Clive's heart strangely.

The stern lines about his mouth relaxed a little.

"I will gladly accept your gratitude, Lady Crewe, and any morsel of interest you can spare to a struggling artist."

"But you won't let me further your ambitions! For of course you have ambitions?"

A light kindled in his eyes and his cheek glowed.

"Have I not? Some day I hope to go and study in Rome; to see the masterpieces of ancient art, and the struggles of modern times.

"But so far I barely earn enough by portrait-painting and the sale of my sketches to make my mother a comfortable home. It is uphill work."

"You paint portraits! Will you undertake a picture of me?

"I must leave one behind me, if only as a legacy for poor Alicia."

The artist flushed again.

"If I could be sure this was no fictitious want conjured up for my benefit," he stammered——

"How difficult! you are! My cousin will tell you that I intended to set someone to work upon me next time I went to town. Isn't it so, Alicia?"

"Then I shall only be too happy to undertake the commission."

Preliminaries were quickly settled, the sitter making only one stipulation, that she must be painted in character.

"I won't inflict so many feet of mere painted canvas upon posterity.

"The picture shall have some interest besides a personal one. Suggest a character for me, Mr. Clive."

Clive, growing enthusiastic at the prospect of such a subject for his pencil, now that his scruples were set at rest, proposed that his patroness should sit to him as Lady Castlewood in that scene of Thackeray's novel where after their brief dispute she turns to bid Esmond good-night.

The suggestion pleased Lady Crewe, who forthwith despatched an order to town for a suitable dress to be fashioned after the artist's own design.

When the day appointed for the first sitting arrived, the servant, who evidently had his instructions, led Clive not to the boudoir of luxurious loungers, but to a room with a northern light looking upon the gardens, fitted up as a temporary studio where his easel and canvas awaited him.

The room was empty.

The only things with life in them were two of Miss Warner's white cats curled up on a velvet footstool, and some tall, crimson lilies in a quaint china bowl, which somehow remained the artist of their stately owner.

Suddenly a portiere of dull-toned tapestry was drawn aside and Lady Castlewood entered.

Whatever Bernard had expected, the reality far surpassed his anticipations.

"Shall I do?" she cried, playfully, with a faint blush as she surprised the sudden involuntary admiration in his eyes. "Am I old-world enough to please you? Alicia says I am splendid!

"She is a severe critic, so be sure you do Lady Castlewood justice."

He rallied his mazed senses and set to work, then, and many days after.

The dingy inn-parlor looked dingier than ever when he returned to it after those pleasant things.

His own company failed to satisfy him after the hours of easy-flowing talk, while Miss Warner ambled in and out with her knitting, fondled her cats, and time glided on like a dream.

The artist's reserve began to wear off in an atmosphere where there was nothing to wound the proud sensitiveness of one who had been hitherto at outs with fortune.

Enticed by his sister's gentle questioning he would speak freely of his work; of the failures and successes of the past; of his hopes for the future.

He was ambitious, that was evident, ready to deny himself for his art.

Long ere this he would have taken to himself the pilgrim-staff and scallop shell, and found his way—on foot if need be—to the Italy he thought of by day and dreamed of by night, but for one tie which tethered him to his own country, an invalid mother, the centre of his cares and interests.

He told of her gentle, unselfish life, of the sacrifices she had made that he might follow the profession he loved, of her frail health, and of his hope that his labors at Combehurst would procure her the holiday in fresh country air she so sorely needed away from her home amid a wilderness of bricks and mortar.

Lady Crewe had a good heart.

She took a kindly interest in all he told her, asked the whereabouts of his home, and said she must visit his studio and make his mother's acquaintance next time she went to town.

It contained a kind invitation to the old lady to come at once and spend a fortnight at Combehurst, where its mistress promised her every care and attention and the best of training.

"Yes, and my good cousin's society into the bargain!

Alicia loves to have somebody to look after and pet Mr. Clive!

She has no one but me and her cats.

In truth Miss Warner entered at this moment with dejected countenance and tearful eyes, but quite ready to second her darling's invitation.

It was gratefully accepted; and a few days saw Mrs. Clive established in two cosy rooms en suite on the ground-floor, looking upon an old-fashioned flower garden where she could stroll unmolested whenever the fancy took her.

Alicia Warner struck up a great friendship with the gentle silver-haired old lady. They caressed the cats, discussed Bernard's perfections, exchanged knitting patterns, and played exciting games of whist with double dummy, while the elder lady's eyes grew bright and almost youthful again, and the delicate pink of improving health returned to her faded cheek.

She had been a Miss Mohun.

Her father's affairs had become embarrassed and his heavily mortgaged family estates were about to pass into the hands of strangers, when the mortgage, Sir Edward Crewe, a newly-knighted Manchester manufacturer, offered to forego his claim upon condition of receiving the hand in marriage of General Mohun's beautiful daughter, then just eighteen.

Gisela Mohun was devoted to her father; he was in failing health; she consented to make the sacrifice.

The fruits of it lasted until her father died a fortnight after her marriage; the sacrifice itself for five long years, during which Gisela Crewe made a daily offering of youth, and health, and hope at the shrine of her invalid husband.

(There were tears even now in Alicia's faithful old eyes as she told the story.) He had been stricken with paralysis a few months after their union.

Henceforth the wife's role was that of nurse to a selfish, cross-grained tyrant. Although she had been a widow now three years, the impress of that long martyrdom was visible still in the sweet chastened eyes, and in the firm mouth telling of patient self-control of the woman of six-and-twenty.

"She never complained to anyone, never reproached her father's memory.

"She is an angel, nothing less!" broke out Miss Warner, dropping tears as usual on the white furry coat of the favorite asleep on her lap.

But this time Clive forgave her emotion.

Lady Crewe had been called away that afternoon to receive an unexpected guest and the sitting had been cut short; but the artist remained working up some details of costume until she returned later in evening dress to hasten Alicia, fastening some crimson roses at her throat the while.

She dropped one in crossing the room. He thought she did not see how he picked it up, and covertly pressed it to his lips before restoring it.

He would have kept it had he dared. His admiration had deepened into reverence now.

His patroness kept him long waiting next day.

When she appeared, apologising with her usual grace for her delay, there was a nervous agitation in her manner, and the evidence of a sleepless night in her languid eyes.

"I am so much of a hermit that the company of my fellow-creatures actually jars upon me," she said.

"My accident must have upset my nerves.

"I don't know what has come to me lately! Mr. Clive, shall you care to paint such a haggard, weary creature as I look this morning?"

There was a suspicion of tears upon her lashes as she turned from the mirror impatiently.

"You are tired, dearest," said her cousin, always ready to pet her beloved charge. "Give up the sitting this morning."

"No, no!" she cried, impatiently, "it rests me to stay here in this quiet studio away from my worries.

"I feel unnerved, unstrung. Alicia, I must travel this winter. We will go to Rome. Mr. Clive, will you come and see us there?"

He flushed, and then grew suddenly grave.

"Do not tempt me away from work and duty, Lady Crewe. I shall have to expiate this long holiday by a busy winter."

"What hard measure you deal to yourself! Your stoicism is quite a reproach to us poor useless Sybarites. How long must you postpone your pleasure, pray?"

"Pleasure is very present with me now," he answered, softly, but not lifting his eyes from his work. "If only it were not so fleeting?"

Bernard Clive would not have wondered at his benefactress's dejection had he been invisibly present at a little scene the evening before, while Lady Crewe's newly-arrived visitor, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mohun inspected and approved the nearly completed portrait.

When it had been sufficiently admired; and indeed the severest critic must have found it worthy of admiration; the guest suddenly turned upon her hostess. "So much for the portrait, Gisela; but what about the painter?"

Lady Crewe flushed at the sudden question demanded so arbitrarily by eyes as well as voice.

"His name is Clive," she said, hastily. "Bernard Clive."

"Psha! what matters his name to me! Gisela, I may as well tell you at once that this portrait is the cause of my sudden visit.

"The story of your romantic introduction to the artist has reached our ears, coupled with a rumor that you have refused your neighbor, Lord Nettlecombe, after a twelve month's wooing. What does it mean?"

"It means that I would not marry Lord Nettlecombe if he were to woo me a hundred years, instead of one!" she answered, vehemently.

"Do you think so meanly of me, Lucy, as to believe that I should sell myself a second time?

"I did it once, and Sir Edmond knew it; knew that I was but a chattel bought with his money to grace the head of his table, and entertain his friends. But again? Never! I know now what life has to offer! what splendid possibilities lie within the grasp of youth!"

Her eyes softened and shone as she clasped her hands passionately together.

"Nevertheless you might do worse than marry Lord Nettlecombe," her sister-in-law said, coldly.

"As his wife you would have the entree of the best houses, and wipe out the memory of your former mesalliance. A degradation like that was all very well once, for money; but for love!—Pah! Alicia tells me this obscure painter is handsome and well-bred, as well as talented.

"You are sure no tendresse for him stands in Lord Nettlecombe's way?—No; don't turn away from me, or I shall believe I have guessed rightly!"

The victim, brought to bay, raised her head and boldly faced her questioner. "And if your suspicion were correct, Lucy, what then?"

Mrs. Mohun dropped her sister-in-law's hands as though they had been stinging-nettles.

"What then! You, Gisela! a Mohun! can ask me what then? Simply that you would drop out of our lives as though you had never existed! We have tolerated Crewes, vulgar Crewes, over-dressed Crewes. Crewes with no single aspiration in the shape of an H. (Your first descent in the social scale had its raison d'etre). But the wife of a struggling artist, a Clive! a nobody! Come, Gisela, go to bed and think better of Lord Nettlecombe's offer like a sensible woman.

"You and Alicia Warner live here in your seclusion until you become quite romantic and tete montee."

Mrs. Mohun drove away next morning before Clive's arrival in the studio, trusting her words had made some impression upon her young kinswoman.

Combehurst was a pleasant house to visit. Any imbroglio which involved its mistress's social ostracism would be distinctly inconvenient.

As for Lady Crewe, she breathed more freely after her guest's departure, and the recollection of her worldly-wise counsels vanished with her bodily presence.

Meantime the portrait approached completion.

The artist lingered over his work as though he loved it, but excuse for prolonging his task further was failing him.

There came a day when he promised himself to put the last finishing touches on the morrow.

The young mistress of Combehurst retired early that evening, glad to shut her door for once even upon the indulgent petting of her kind old cousin.

Once in solitude she began pacing the room with head bent, and hands clasped, as was her wont in perplexed and painful meditation, which yet had its sweetness.

"He loves me; I know it, I feel it," she murmured to herself with quick-coming blushes.

"Every look, every tone, all that he says, and still more he does not say tells me so unmistakeably.

"Yet he will break both his heart and mine rather than bend his pride to speak! Genius levels all things.

"Why should he hesitate? Oh! for some spell to unseal those proud lips!"

She threw open her window and looked out upon the clear September night.

The lights of heaven were glowing and palpitating in their azure dome.

A queenly young moon had climbed to its zenith encircled by its starry train, illuminating the quiet reaches of the park, and the wide-spreading gardens.

She impatiently shut the window again and drew the curtain upon the far-reaching acres, the proud possessions which made an impassable gulf between her and her lover.

"If it were but the other way!" she cried.

"If I were only the beggar-maid and he my King Cophetua!

"As it is, there is only one thing can save us both from life-long misery. Can I ever bring myself to such humiliation?"

The clear night was succeeded by one of the tranquil, hazy morning so common in early autumn, when the languid sun seems reluctant to pierce the lingering earth-mists.

All the brilliance in the studio seemed centred on the easel where rested the beautiful picture of Lady Castlewood, finished at last.

The artist's mother and Miss Warner were before it in admiring contemplation, and in the background stood the artist himself, furtively comparing his completed work with the fair original beside him.

Lady Castlewood and her kinsman have made up their quarrel and she turns, taper in hand, to bid Esmond good-night.

The light of it falls upon her sweet, fair face and ruffled golden hair, on the quaint pointed bodice and delicate lace, and plays on the folds of the gorgeous skirt, stiff with richness and dignity.

"I am so sorry the sittings are over; they have been very pleasant. Even Snowball has quite enjoyed them," says Miss Warner, plaintively. "I must get you to paint Pussy's picture, Mr. Clive, as you are so successful," stroking as she speaks, the biggest and heaviest of her pets, which she carries in her arms.

"I shall be most happy if ever opportunity offers, Miss Warner; but I must postpone the pleasure, as I intend leaving Combehurst this afternoon."

"So soon?"

Even for her pride's sake Lady Crewe could not repress her start of surprise and dismay.

"Have you exhausted its beauties already Mr. Clive?"

She tried to still the trembling of her pale lips and to put the question carelessly.

"That would be impossible," he said, gravely, "but I have lingered here long enough. Too long, perhaps," he muttered in an undertone.

Lady Crewe turned to Mrs. Clive.

"Can't you persuade your son to remain a little longer? At least to escort you home?" she asked in her pretty, pleading way.

"My mother agrees with me, that it is time for me to be gone," he answered for her in his deep, decided tones.

He looked at his mother as he spoke, and the two exchanged a glance full of significance, which their hostess intercepted.

The mother's was full of wistful, but loving encouragement.

The son's had a stern renunciation in it which said: "Have confidence in me—I can endure!"

"Well, at least we must not lose you yet, Mrs. Clive," said Miss Warner, filling up the pause with some of the commonplace padding which is the inevitable attendant of every tragedy. "And now you are here do come to my room and let me show you the cosy new nest I have planned for Snowball—dear intelligent creature! Only this morning, she——"

The portiere fell behind the pair as they retreated along the passage and withheld the particulars of Snowball's last exploit from the two left behind, upon whom an embarrassing silence fell.

At last Lady Crewe crossed the room, unlocked the drawer of an old bureau and took from it a purse, a little embroidered trifle of plush and gold which she handed to the artist.

"A small acknowledgement of all the trouble you have taken," she said, smiling nervously. "I only hope this chef d'oeuvre may be the herald of future success in your beloved art."

"I trust so, but—Lady Crewe, you must please take back your gift, and with it my thanks for your many kindnesses. I can accept no money for my work."

He spoke with cold self-repression, and avoided looking at her, as he thrust the purse back into her reluctant hand.

"Mr. Clive! What does this mean?"

"Only," he said, hastily, "that circumstances have changed. I cannot make this particular picture a matter of traffic. I have had the pleasure of painting it—that is enough."

"Ah! you would prefer your reward in some other form! I understand."

"You mistake me, Lady Crewe," he answered. "I want no payment. The only guerdon I would accept for my labor of love is——"

"Yes! Why do you hesitate? You have fairly earned any reward it is in my power to give."

Her breath came thick and fast, as she leaned against the window casement facing him, absently pulling to pieces the creeper-sprays which strayed over the sill.

"You will think me very presumptuous," he said slowly, with lips as pale as her own, "when I tell you that the only thing which would content me is—" he hesitated—"the picture itself."

"Come! the demand is not so extravagant after all! To exhibit, I suppose you mean? To bring you fame and fortune on the walls of the Burlington House next season."

She spoke lightly, her playful tones in strange contrast to his vehement answer.

"To exhibit!—to exhibit the picture for the world to stare at, and criticise and wonder over! Heaven forbid the profanation! I ask it for myself, my very own! There are associations which make it of more value to me than—than—have I asked too much, Lady Crewe?" he added, stepping nearer in his eagerness, with a wistful petition in his dark, eloquent eyes.

Her cheek blanched, her fingers began to fidget nervously with the bracelet on her arm.

How hard it was to speak!

"It pains me to refuse you," she said, slowly, stealing a glance at his pale, eager, earnest face, "but I, too, have associations with that picture. I cannot give it up."

He bowed quickly, proudly, and turned to collect his brushes.

He had been a fool to expect any other answer.

She stood before him pale and trembling in her gorgeous dress, with downcast eyes she dared not raise to his.

Must she indeed stoop to conquer?

"I cannot spare the portrait," she says, with averted face; "but—but" with sudden overwhelming blushes, "if you had asked for the original——"

* * * * * *

In these days connoisseurs prophesy great things of the successful artist, Bernard Clive, and critics are busy with his name.

But he maintains that he shall never paint anything better than the portrait of his lovely wife which hangs in his library at Combehurst.

That he says came from his heart.

She appears in many others of his pictures.

She stands sweet and composed in her white draperies as Hermione, the injured Queen.

She weeps over Geraint, and Enid in faded silk.

As Egeria she counsels Numa from her Sacred Grove.

That inspiration Clive owed to their first happy winter in Rome.

There is a later picture where she sits as the Shunamite woman with her child upon her knee, and the realization of a long-deferred hope shining in her lustrous eyes;—another where she kneels as the Viking Haestan's wife, with her little ones around her, her hair falling over her shoulders.

Still her husband says no sweeter presentment of Gisela Clive will ever be given to the world than the picture of Lady Castlewood which won him his wife!

BEGGARS AND THEIR APPEALS.

"I DON'T know," a traveler said, "whether begging can be properly called an art, as borrowing is, but it is certainly an accomplishment. Dublin, I understand, has a development of beggary that speaks very well for the charity of the city in which so many mendicants can find a living. I have been told that there the beggars have a knowledge of physiognomy that enables them to quickly single out a likely victim, and it is not uncommon for a kindly man to find his benevolence appealed to by three beggars at the same time. This is very creditable, not only because competition always helps trade, but as showing the reluctance of a Dublin pauper to go to the poor-house. Reluctant to work, too? Oh, I don't know. I never was in Dublin.

Both London and New York are far behind the age. Whether a man prefaces his remark with 'Say, boss,' on this side of the Atlantic, or 'Hi, misser,' on the other, the rest of the sentence, 'Like to speak to you for a second,' common to both shores, is likely to create distrust, and not likely to awaken charity. New York and London have each a high percentage of paupers but, comparatively, not many street beggars. Do you know why? Solely because the accomplishment has not been acquired. In both cities there is all the meanness, all the laziness, all the desire. It is the skill that is lacking. London is improving. Real begging is sometimes seen there now. New York seems to be almost at a standstill. The men who ask charity as a right, not as a favor, in the city, would, under favorable conditions, try to establish the so-called right on the country road.

What I speak of as 'real begging' is the begging based on alleged absolute want, and inability to obtain the necessaries of life. The plea is, of course, in nine cases out of ten, false, but it is the only made, and the petitioner, having selected his victim, rests his hope of success on the prospect of a supposed charitable man arguing that the cowering object before him may be the tenth, and not one of the deceptive nine. This is the only street begging that can ever be successful.

The beggars of India understand their business very well. Most of them are lepers, and, strange as it may sound, they are nearly all mounted. Riding about on their crooked-legged 'tats,' or ponies, they cover a great deal of ground in a day, and collect considerable money. They won't take 'No,' for an answer, and curses are lost on them. When you are at breakfast in the morning it is not pleasant to look toward the open door and see a pony with its fore feet on the steps, and on its back a wretched looking being. He never speaks but you know what he wants, and he is not likely to lose sight of you until he gets it. Words are useless, and violence to such a being is, of course, out of the question. You can order your horse and ride out, but he has a horse, too, and he will ride with you. Your beast is probably better than his, and by the use of whip and spur you might escape him, but you would forfeit more dignity than you could afford to lose by being seen galloping along a public road hotly pursued by a naked leper. Better to give him a trifle at first, and have done with it.

Some of the beggars try to arouse pity. Helpless, deformed wretches some of them are, while others apparently robust and strong, voluntarily torture themselves in the hope of arousing sympathy by their sufferings. I remember seeing one of these near Jubbulpoor, in the central provinces, lying day after day for months, while I was there, on the points of hundreds of nails studding a flat table. I was told that from daylight until dark he had occupied that position for years. He bore the puncturing of his naked skin by the nails without a sign of disturbance, but he could not stand the heat of the sun, and he protected himself all day with an umbrella. The alms dropped by passers-by into a tin dish beside him amounted to a smaller sum than a boy in New York would expect to get for sweeping the snow off the steps of a house. They were chiefly made up of cowry shells, which the natives of India persist in using as coins, interchangeable when very small purchases have to be made. The beggars of Constantinople, for dirt and degradation, probably take the palm from the world."

TARRING AND FEATHERING.—Tarring and feathering, it seems, is not a modern invention. One of Richard Coeur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was, "that if any man were taken with theft and pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known as a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventures without all hope of return unto his fellows."

Scientific and Useful.

MAHOGANY STAIN ON MAPLE.—Dragon's-blood, half an ounce; alkanet, quarter of an ounce; aloes, one drachm; alcohol, sixteen ounces. Apply with a sponge or brush.

TO REMOVE INK FROM VELLUM.—Moisten the blot with a little solution of oxalic acid, then with a clear saturated aqueous solution of fresh chloride of lime or bleaching powder. Absorb the excess of the liquids from the paper as quickly as possible with clean piece of blotting-paper. Repeat, if necessary, and dry thoroughly between blotting-pads, under pressure.

FILES.—For cleaning a greasy finishing-file there is nothing better than a burning over a forge fire or in the flame of an alcohol lamp or of a gas flame. The burning should be done by a gentle passage to and fro through the flame, until the grease on the file burns with a blaze. Then the blaze should be blown out and the file be carded. When cleaned, dip the file into a jar of lye, and clean in cold water.

TO RESTORE FURNITURE-VARNISH.—If the varnish is defaced and shows white spots, apply linseed-oil and turpentine with a soft rag until the color returns, then wipe the mixture off with a clean soft dry rag. The oil and turpentine should be used in equal quantities, and well shaken, so as to mix thoroughly before mixing. Dry chamois leather should never be used on varnished or French-polished article.

BEAR'S GREASE.—Most of the so-called bear's grease is prepared as follows. Take of washed hog's lard (dry) one pound and a quarter avoirdupois; melt it by the heat of a water-bath; add of balsam of Peru two drachms, flowers of benzoin and palm-oil (bright) of each one drachm; stir vigorously for a few minutes to promote solution; then remove the pan from the bath, and after letting it stand for a short time, pour off the clear portion from the sediment and stir the liquid mass until it begins to cool.

HOW TO STOP A STYE.—A doctor writes to the *Lancet* that he has never seen a single instance in which the stye continued to develop after the following treatment had been resorted to. The eye-lids should be held apart by the thumb and index-finger of the left hand, or a lid-retractor, if such be at hand, while the tincture of iodine is painted over the inflamed papilla with a camel's-hair pencil. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact until the part touched is dry. A few such applications in the twenty-four hours are sufficient.

Farm and Garden.

SEEDS.—An English scientific journal says that oxalic acid promotes the sprouting of seeds, so that seeds, forty years old will germinate by its application. The method is to soak the seeds one or two days in a solution of oxalic acid till they commence to open out, when they are taken out and planted. Will one of our readers try it on some old seeds, and report?

INSECTS.—In using kerosene it has been found that a cheap grade of yellow bar soap containing rosin makes the best emulsion—four pounds of soap to one gallon of hot water being used to emulsify one gallon of kerosene. One gallon of this emulsion incorporated in forty-nine gallons of water (or relatively less quantities of each) makes an effective solution destroying the insects, both in the larval and perfect stages.

HORSES AND FLIES.—The return of warm weather brings back again the fly season, which is one of the trying times on work horses. Harnessed to the plow or wagon they are unable to protect themselves from the annoying flies, which seem to take advantage of the situation, and the cruelty they inflict to the poor beasts could not be fully realised unless we were placed in their stead. The worry which they cause is often as hard on horses as the work they have to perform, and any plan resorted to to prevent their annoyance not only relieves the animals but assists in keeping them in good condition, and makes them able to perform a greater amount of work.

NORMAL WEIGHT.—It is desirable for all persons, whether suffering in health or otherwise, to know as nearly as possible what the normal weight should be. We are indebted to the late Dr. Hutchinson for weighing above two thousand six hundred of various ages. There is indeed an obvious relation between the height and weight so particularly weighed and measured. Starting with the lowest men in the tables, it will be found that the increased weight of five pounds to every inch in height beyond sixty-one inches. The following shows the relative height and weight of individuals measuring five feet and upwards. Five feet one inch should be one hundred and twenty pounds; five feet two inches should be one hundred and twenty-six pounds; five feet three inches should be one hundred and thirty-three pounds; five feet four inches should be one hundred and thirty-six pounds; five feet five inches should be one hundred and forty-two pounds; five feet six inches should be one hundred and forty-five pounds; five feet seven inches should be one hundred and forty-eight pounds; five feet eight inches should be one hundred and fifty-five pounds; five feet nine should be one hundred and sixty-two pounds; five feet ten should be one hundred and sixty-nine pounds; five feet eleven should be one hundred and seventy-four pounds; six feet should be one hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 2, 1884.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
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THE VALUE OF TACT.

It is quite possible that one may have all the virtues, and possess all the endowments which come from the benign accidents of wealth and lineage, and yet want the one thing which will make his life happy and successful.

He is a man of business, we will suppose, and is strictly truthful and upright; he fulfils all his engagements to the very letter; he is punctual, and not over-exacting; but he does not have the art to please. He lacks, in short, tact.

The stranger who comes to trade with him, if he is a merchant, may like the quality of his goods, and may not dislike his prices; but the situation will nevertheless become uncomfortable in due time; and, before he knows it, the casual customer, whom a dealer with a little tact would have easily retained, goes across the street to fill his subsequent orders.

We all know the preacher who lacks this lubricating quality, and who rants about matters that irritate persons rather than establish principles, and who very soon comes to grief in his parish.

He has been scattering dynamite in the most careless possible way, and wonders why anybody is hurt, and doesn't hear anything but the rebound from the explosion.

To the politician, tact means often a positive and indispensable capital in trade. It far supersedes talent when it stands alone by itself.

It is not probable that there is a single profession so dependent upon a knowledge of human nature as is the politician's. He must know their dispositions as well. And the very successful one manages to do this, and to enter into the various interests which engage different men with an ease and alacrity that reach the very summit of art, while the absence of art is never doubted, or the skill of the thing is not suspected. The politician who has tact does not let it desert him the day after the election.

The want of tact in a lawyer will often lose him his case, no matter how good it is or how well read he is in the law pertaining to it.

Before a jury, the gift of adroitly putting things so as to chime with the feelings and prejudices of twelve different men is all important. It gives the lawyer who adds to respectable talents this power, consummate influence.

Tact in studying the feelings and peculiarities of his patients is one of the prime requisites of a physician.

He cannot successfully minister to their ailments unless he thoroughly understands their inmost mental peculiarities, and succeeds in humoring them.

He will know the English of *placebo*, and the value of bread pills; and, in certain cases, in fact, he will keep the thought of danger in abeyance.

But, after all, there is no place where tact is not needed. Its usefulness in the daily, general relations of life is paramount. It carries for its possessor a gentle, unconscious persuasion with it.

We can all remember one person after another who is afflicted with an almost ludicrous absence of this quality, and who is perpetually in Mrs. Partington's dilemma—who said she never opened her mouth without putting her foot in it.

If some visitor arrives who has lately had a near relative hung, the subject of the gallows will be at once introduced, and expatiated upon with peculiar unction and persistence.

The wrong topic is always introduced by the ill-arranged individual, and is sure to be discussed in the most ill-timed and malapropos way.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE American railroad system, which now extends over 100,000 miles, has cost something like $500,000,000, and nearly four-fifths of that amount has been expended on the locomotives. There are estimated to be 38,000 railroad engines now in use, and they cost not less than $10,000 apiece.

—

A RETURNED missionary says that the greatest foe to industry and civilization in tropical climates is the cocoanut tree. It goes on bearing fruit abundantly for forty years without any cultivation, and the natives, knowing that they can depend on it for subsistence, remain lazy and savage.

—

A MEMBER of the New York Sanitary Department says: "Some manufacturers of the cheaper grades of ice cream use glue instead of gelatine to give extra firmness to the cream. That kind of adulteration may not be dangerous to health, but considering the material from which glue is made, it is not pleasant to think of eating it. Glue is used also by some of the manufacturers of charlotte russes to stiffen the froth."

—

AMONG the novelties of London jewelry are ornaments made of iron. Berlin once adopted the fashion, but it was during a moment of national pecuniary difficulty, when ladies patriotically brought their jewelry and precious stones to the mint as a gift to the country. The gallant country by and by gave them a pleasant surprise, by sending them fac similes of their jewelry in beautifully-cast iron, which bore stamped upon it the words, "I gave gold for iron." This iron jewelry is still a treasured heirloom in the aristocratic Prussian families.

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IN a late article, President Eliot strongly disapproves "the theory that, for the sake of discipline, hardness that is avoidable should be deliberately imposed upon boys; as, for instance, by forcing a boy to study many languages who has no gifts that way, and can never attain to any mastery of them. To my mind the only justification of any kind of discipline, training or drill, is attainment of the appropriate end of that discipline. It is a waste for society and an outrage upon the individual, to make the boy spend the years when he is most teachable, in a discipline, the end of which he can never reach, when he might have spent them in a different discipline which would have been rewarded by achievement."

—

A PHYSICIAN writes urgently to a New York paper on behalf of infants. He says: "Permit me to call the attention of mothers who have children unable to talk, to the necessity of giving them a little cold water frequently this hot weather. They suffer from thirst equally with us, but they are helpless and dumb. They can only cry and moan. The mother wonders what can ail them, searches for pins, offers them food, and exhausts her patience in hunting for the cause. The torments of thirst which they suffer bring on a fever, and often a serious illness, which sixty drops of cold water would prevent. Every person who understands this should urge upon mothers the necessity of frequently giving babies a teaspoonful of cold water."

—

A DISCUSSION of what is called telapathy has been opened. The word means reading at a distance the impulse of another mind through channels as yet unrecognized. There are two forms which telepathic phenomena are held to assume. One is that of simple thought transference, or mind-reading, under the control of scientific experiment. In a mesmeric or sleepy condition, and indeed, without it, experiments are held to have shown that impressions or ideas can easily be transferred from one mind to another by an act of will. The second form is that of a sudden, unexpected impression passing from one mind to another, as a sort of presentiment or apparition. The writers treat not at all of apparitions of the dead, but only of the living.

—

"IF you wish to live long," said Dr. Lancaster, "become an astronomer." He registers dates of birth and death of 1,741 astronomers, belonging to all periods, and the mean length of life of the whole number is sixty-four years and three months. Out of 1,000 astronomers 596 lived to an age of 70 years; 260 to between 70 and 79; 126 to between 80 and 89; fifteen to between 90 and 99; and three to over 100 years. The period allotted to the three most illustrious mathematical names of Italy (Archimedes, Galileo, and Lagrange) was 76 years and 9 months; 69 years and 5 months to forty-seven mathemeticians of great reputation; 66 years and 4 months to fifty mathematicians of the second rank, and 64 years and 10 months to 380 mathematicians of the third rank.

—

SIR JAMES PAGET spoke, in a recent address, at a Workingmen's College, London, on the value of change as a mental restorative, and found it to consist principally in directing the patient to some form of "work" for which he has inherited a special capacity. The effect is produced through the awakening and gratification of some dormant love or propensity which lies deep down in the individual nature, and has been inherited. It thus appears that the special pleasures of individual lives are ancestral, or are "survivals in us of instincts that belong to our distant ancestors, who of necessity had to kill, to fish, to hunt, to clear the forests, and make the roads." The mere recommendation of "change" vaguely is idle; but recreative change, judiciously recommended and specifically applied, is one of the most powerful agents we possess for the treatment of disease, or of derangements and disturbances of the mental temperament of the mind.

—

PROBABLY nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished, when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past, then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out by crowding two days' task into one. If only we can keep cool and calm, not allowing ourselves to be flustered, we shall be less wearied when we reach even-tide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive, but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul, and of demeanor, we shall get through everything creditably.

—

MORE difficult divorce will be an estoppel to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership wedlock is utterly unattractive, and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency, or through the county records finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation, for he says: "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce laws I'll back out." That process is going on all the time, and man enters the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that transpires in the market. Now, suppose a man understood, as he ought to understand, that if he goes into the relation there is no possibility of his getting out, or no probability, he would be more slow to put his neck in the yoke.

—

SAYS a Cincinnati letter: "A girl who has just returned from London, tells me that in the health exhibition there, one of the exhibits was meant to depict the horrors of tight-lacing. A waxen figure was subjected, for the purpose of divulging the secrets of the ladies' torture-chamber, to a compression to the girth which a woman may with proper self-respect measure around the waist. The suffering of the dummy, inaudible, save for the creaking of the machinery, which in the forcible compression of the waist might well be mistaken for groans, were quite terrible in their realism; but the female spectators laughed, instead of being instructed. The fact is, that the old curmudgeons who take corsets as a text for sermons against us, are left far behind. Injuriously tight-squeezing of the waist is rare, indeed, nowadays. 'The coming man and woman,' says Dio Lewis, 'will be just as large at the waist as any other part of the body.' What an old fool! Did he ever see a Fiji island woman? I have. She had never been compressed by so much as a calico wrapper, and yet her waist had a goodly taper to it."

—

THIS is a season, says a correspondent, of less eccentricity in fashions than for many a year. She is at a happy medium in the transition of esthetic tightness of the immediate past to the voluminousness of drapery which is bound to come in the near future. I make this statement on the authority of a man in the business of designing and constructing feminine clothes. He says that, along in 1885, we may as well look out for a revival of crinoline. The tendency is in that direction, and cannot probably be stopped. And, therefore, he advises us to look well upon the fashionable girl of the present, because we see her at her very best. Her hair is arranged in moderate and artistic shapes, her waist is not distressfully compressed, her hands and feet are enclosed in big enough gloves and shoes for tolerable comfort, and her skirts are sufficiently ample to satisfy the demands of propriety without hiding her figure away entirely from sight. There is nothing grotesque in the summer styles, and whenever such an effect is produced, it may justly be charged to the individual exaggeration of the wearer.

—

IN the matter of the choice of occupation, some find that they have no taste for manual arts, and will turn into other paths—law, medicine, or literature. Great facility in the acquisition and use of language is often accompanied by a lack of either mechanical interest or power. When such a bias is discovered the lad should unquestionably be sent to his grammar and dictionary rather than to the laboratory or draughting-room. On the other hand, decided aptitude for handicraft is not unfrequently coupled with a strong aversion to and unfitness for abstract and theoretical investigations. There can be no doubt that, in such cases, more time should be spent in the shop, and less in the lecture and recitation-room. Some who develop both natural skill and strong intellectual powers will push on through the polytechnic school into the professional life, as engineers and scientists. Others will find their greatest usefulness, as well as highest happiness, in some branch of mechanical work, into which they will readily step when they leave school. All will gain intellectually by their experience in contact with things. The grand result will be an increasing interest in manufacturing pursuits, more intelligent mechanics, better lawyers, more skilful physicians, and more useful citizens.

FOR ME ONLY.

BY. W. M. A.

I was climbing after a rosebud
That grew a little too high,
Though I stood on tiptoe to reach it
When I heard him passing by.

He held in his hand a lily,
He stopped and gave it to me,
But I thought of the rosebud hanging
High up on the trellis-tree.

So I only took it a moment,
And pressed its petals apart,
Inhaling one breath of the fragrance
That lay in its golden heart.

Then I gave it back again, saying,
"Look there, where my neighbor stands,
Waiting for just such a plaything
To hold in her dainty hands."

He turned and went from me slowly,
Like one who silently grieves,
And all the green path behind him
Was strewn with white lily-leaves.

Rid of Him.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

MRS. Ellis looked up from her sewing at the eight-day clock that was ticking placidly away from its shady corner.

"Come Nellie, it is nearly four o'clock, and you remember Mr. Redmond is to call for you at half-past, for your drive."

Nelly lifted a pretty, piquant face from the paper she was reading.

"How easily you always recall Mr. Redmond's engagements, mamma. I wish you knew how I despised him."

"You speak very ignorantly and childishly, Nelly. If you think seriously, you can give no reason for despising Mr. Redmond, whom both I and your father respect and admire, and feel greatly honored by his offer of marriage to you."

Nelly shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"I don't know what you may call admiration or respect, mamma, if you can see anything in Mr. Redmond's fat, red face and horrible big——"

Mrs. Ellis bestowed a severe, reproving glance at Nelly.

"I did not suppose you referred to Mr. Redmond's personal appearance, Nelly; and if you had, I cannot see what there is so objectionable in Mr. Redmond."

Nelly laughed saucily.

"Oh, mamma, don't call him anything but obese. As if I'd ever marry a fat man."

Her merry laugh tinkled like a chime of silver bells, and Mrs. Ellis' forehead gathered into larger frowns than ever.

"You may consider yourself fortunate in being asked to share the Redmond estate, Nelly. When I was a girl I would have jumped at the chance."

"Mr. Redmond must have been slenderer and better-looking when you were a girl, mamma, but that's no reason why I should have him. Why, he's had two wives already."

Just a hint of indignation was creeping into her voice, but Mrs. Ellis would not hear it.

"And a good husband he made them both—better than any young fellow ever will make you."

A flush of delicious happiness surged over Nelly's cheeks as her mother's words made her think of Harry Newell—handsome Harry, to whom she had promised her hand, to whom she had given her heart, whose ring she wore on a blue ribbon around her neck, and who was working away in his newly-opened office, busy as a bee, in happy anticipation of the time when he would be ready to take his little sweetheart to himself.

But Nellie wouldn't say much about it—cunning, astute little rogue that she was.

She was as decided as fate on the subject, and nothing short of a miracle would have made her marry Phineas Redmond, for all his house, his horses and carriages.

She was obliged to accept some portions of his persecutions, however, and she did it with quite a good grace, so that neither mother nor father nor lover knew just what a deceitful little witch she was; and to-day was almost the first time she ever had said particularly disparaging things of her suitor, although she had declared from the first she would not marry him.

"I think you had better dress, Nelly; I don't want you to keep Mr. Redmond waiting. He is going to take you over to the farm, and show you the house."

Nellie closed her book lazily.

"As if I care to see his fusty, musty old house where there's been so many funerals. It's all nonsense, mamma, my going."

"Nelly, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Go and put on your grey silk—there's the carriage now."

The girl arose with a languid grace of her own, her red lips curling half sneeringly.

"Of course I'll go if you wish it, mamma. My grey silk and blue ribbons?"

She went up to her room with an expression odd to see on her fair, fresh face, as she deliberately made her dainty toilet.

"It has come to the crisis at last, and I'll never have the old Blue Beard if I die first. I know he wants me and will not take my refusal, since he is sure of papa's and mamma's consent, nor do I think they would allow me to positively reject him. I'd have to run off with Harry, and be married on the sly, and I'd never consent to that, and I don't believe darling old Harry would either. What will I do?"

She frowned, much puzzled, as she arranged her dainty silk tie, and remembered it was the very tint Harry loved best to see her wear—a pale, silvery blue, that was such a perfect foil to her golden hair, her bright violet eyes and snow-and-rose complexion.

Suddenly a laugh came rippling over her beautiful mouth; her eyes fairly danced as if a magical revelation had been given to her.

Then the audible, musical laugh subsided into a demure smile as she slowly descended the stairs, buttoning her kids.

Mr. Redmond's heart fairly bounced as he caught the first glimpse of her fresh, sweet beauty, so marvelously enhanced by her stylishly-worn attire; and he secretly felt very glad—first, that he had overcome his scruples about wearing his Sunday clothes; second, that Nellie Redmond would be a decided improvement, as far as youth and beauty went, on her predecessors.

She met him with cordial sweetness, and they drove off at once, leaving Mrs. Ellis to smile and nod her head contentedly as she watched them out of sight.

"All it wants to clinch the nail is for Nelly to see the homestead, and the comforts and conveniences that will be hers—all the prudent savings and earnings of two economical women."

And while the mother returned to her sewing, to build very airy castles about her only child, Nelly was riding along in the rather old-fashioned carriage beside her elderly lover.

"It's a very pretty road, I think," she said as they drove between rows of cool, shady trees.

"None prettier; it's useful, too, as it leads straight to town. Sarah Jane used to say she liked to take her eggs and butter along this way."

Nelly winced at the name of her predecessor No. 2, then answered flippantly—

"Oh, I don't know anything about that. I meant I should like to have a phaeton and pony to drive about here myself."

Mr. Redmond gave a little inward grunt.

"Phaetons aren't of much account. A good, strong cart is worth a dozen of them. There's the house, Nellie. Take a good look at it as we drive up, and remember it has been the home of the Redmonds nigh on two hundred years."

Nelly dissipated his pompous pride very suddenly.

"Well, I should think so? So this is to be my future home."

She directed the battery of her bewildering eyes full upon his face.

He laid his hand on his heart.

"If you will so honor it and me, Miss Ellis."

A tiny smile parted her lips.

His effort at gallantry made her think of an elephant essaying to skip like a gazelle.

"You'll find it very pleasant and comfortable inside, with——"

They had left the carriage now, and were walking up the path.

She interrupted him irreverently.

"Never mind the inside just now; it is the outside that is under consideration. Why, Mr. Redmond, you don't mean to tell me anybody ever lived in that house with those solid wooden shutters."

Mr. Redmond flushed even more of a beet-red than was his normal hue.

"I certainly mean to say that two of my wives——"

Nellie flirted her parasol impatiently.

"Oh, I don't care anything about them, you know. Every shutter has got to come off and the house painted, and green Venetian blinds put on."

Mr. Redmond uttered a half-smothered "Umph!" but went on, leading the way to the front entrance, pausing under a huge, far-spreading tree with a look of intense satisfaction on his face.

"Isn't this grand, Miss Ellis? This tree is over two hundred years old, and was planted by my great-great-grandfather when he was a boy."

Nelly frowned darkly.

"Grand! It's the most disagreeable, big, lumbering thing I ever saw—full of nasty worms. I wouldn't have this tree here for anything."

"You wouldn't?"

He looked almost alarmed.

"You wouldn't!—not when my great——"

"Not if Methusaleh himself planted it," she interrupted, decidedly. "Down it comes before I come."

A curiously helpless expression crossed Mr. Redmond's face.

"I'm sorry you aren't better pleased. Shall we go inside? Maybe you'll like it better."

Nelly followed him into the parlor, and before he could say a word, she burst out, saying—

"What a contemptible place! Who on earth had the arranging of this house, Mr. Redmond, to make such a stuffy little room? Why, where will my piano stand, and the mirrors I shall order from De Graaf's? The walls must be knocked out, and all the rooms on this side of the hall thrown into one, and marble mantels put in. I think you could make a nice room of it, with new carpeting and rosewood furniture, and a few paintings. Don't you?"

She asked it very suddenly, very innocently, and Mr. Redmond, who had listened half stupefied, answered, in a very subdued way—

"Yes, I do think so."

Nelly was all excitement now, and her blue eyes were sparkling.

"Where is the dining-room, Mr. Redmond? And I'd like to see the servants—no I wouldn't, either, because I've made up my mind only to employ French servants—a good cook, you know. Oh, yes, I see the strawberry and blackberry beds—they're nice ain't they?—and plenty of them. Well, I suppose we'll use a fearful lot of them, and all sorts of vegetables, and milk, and fruit, because I shall have company all summer, except when I'm at Brighton in August."

Mr. Redmond had taken his red bandanna nervously from his pocket.

"I sell all the garden stuff, you know, Miss Ellis—and what's that about company and Brighton."

Nelly paid no heed to his question whatever, but went on in an animated, enthusiastic way that was certainly overwhelming.

"I don't know that I care to see the bedrooms. How many are there?"

"Six, I believe, with good, strong furniture and homespun carpets in each one."

"Well, you can sell all that trash, you know, and with sets of marble-top walnut for each room, and Brussels carpets, I can make them do—at least until you build. When shall you build, Phineas?"

He looked at her aghast.

"Build! Why the alterations you have mentioned will cost a fortune."

"You can afford it, I know. Besides, there is all the company you'll have to entertain, and all my dresses, and the phaeton and ponies, and——"

Mr. Redmond folded his handkerchief with slow precision, and then looked in Nelly's pretty, eager face, much as if he were a big, ugly frog about to ask a favor of a rainbow-winged butterfly.

"Miss Nelly, really—I never saw it so before—but—I am afraid I cannot make you happy——"

Nelly looked straight at him.

"I don't think you can."

He fidgeted in his seat like a schoolboy before the examining committee.

"Perhaps I'd better recall my——"

"Not to me," Nelly interpolated. "You made no bargain with me. Go to my father and tell him you've come to your senses."

A moment of silence, then Nelly laughingly declared she must go.

Mr. Redmond drove her home in a state of confused silence, while Nelly laughed and gossiped every foot of the way.

Then, while Mr. Ellis and the elderly suitor arranged things downstairs, Nelly coolly changed her dress above, laughing all the while to thing how she had managed it.

"I said I wouldn't have him, mamma, and I won't; and I have said I will have Harry Newell, and——"

She never finished the defiant sentence in words, but before that summer came to an end, somehow or other she wore Harry's ring on her finger instead of on the ribbon.

And the old folks didn't make much fuss after all, not even when Mr. Redmond married Miss Johanna Frisby.

Loss and Gain.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

HATTIE HOLLAND bowed her face until the long flowing tresses fell like a veil of sunshine over her white neck and shoulders, and pressed a fragrant kiss on the pale, sad face lying like a broken lily on its stalk, among the snow-white, but coarse muslin pillows.

Such a true, sweet face it was—Hattie Holland's that had in it, such patience, endurance, courage, combined with womanly tenderness and pity—a face that thrilled the very soul of the invalid on the couch, as the true, brown eyes smiled down in her own wistful ones, and the warm, pulsing hands clasped her own feverish fingers, and the cool, fragrant lips touched her mouth with the airy lightness of an angel's caress.

"My dear child! What have I to wish for so long as God gives you to me? Hattie, you are a great, great comfort to me."

The girl pressed her mother's hand sympathetically, then laughed.

"Mamma, what a blessing that I am not spoilable. You are the most inveterate flatterer I ever knew. Only, I hope you will be glad to know there is a vestige of truth in your compliment, this time, mamma dear. I am going to be a real, practical comfort, I hope, for at last I have a situation that will repay us for all our deferred hopes. Just to think, mamma, of two pounds a week, regularly. Imagine the comforts it represents. Mamma, tell me you are glad."

Hattie's cheeks were flushed like an oleander blossom, and her violet-blue eyes were shining like twin stars.

Mrs. Holland smiled at her delight no less than from her own thankfulness.

"Glad? Hattie, child, you know I am more than glad. Tell me who has employed you?"

For a second, the soft violet eyes sank, and a deeper flush suffused the round, blooming cheeks.

Then Hattie looked in the questioning face, straightly, gravely, and said—

"Mamma, you must try to think the very best you can of it. I was afraid you wouldn't be entirely pleased, but it is the greatest chance offered me since I left Miss Tracy's millinery rooms. Mamma, dear, it is at the theatre."

"The theatre! Hattie, I cannot permit it. You, my child, Rose Holland's daughter, on the boards of the theatre. Hattie, I'd rather starve."

The girl's red lips quivered suspiciously, then she laughed lightly.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, mamma, and besides, if you say no, mamma, I will give it up, although I think you do not understand what I will have to do. It isn't to act, of course, for I never could do that, nor is it anything to do with—with those short dresses or anything."

Hattie flushed and halted in her speech, then rushed on again.

"It will really be delightful, mamma. I shall only be required to make one of a chorus of girls who will be dressed in sea-green tarletane, to represent water-nymphs in the last scene. It will only take about an hour from home, mamma, and two pounds a week. I think it is just a godsend. Do consent, mamma."

Her face was glowing with excitement, and her eyes looked like velvet stars.

Mrs. Holland's own eyes moistened at the girl's eager pleading.

"Hattie, why doesn't your aunt Susie answer my letters and soften her heart to me? Then you would never have to go to the theatre, or Miss Tracy's millinery again. Hattie, child, sometimes I think we have not a friend in the world."

Hattie interrupted her almost eagerly.

"Mamma, how can you think so? Surely you haven't forgotten dear old Mrs. Gray, who sends you such delicious soup and custards, or Dr. Conway—mamma, how good Doctor Conway has been to us, bringing you flowers and books, and positively refusing to send in his bill until he discharges you cured. And Harry—oh, mamma, could you really have forgotten Harry Esmond?"

Hattie was as pink as a carnation as she uttered her brave, loving protest against this best, dearest friend of hers—handsome Harry Esmond—whose lips had confessed such sweet words to her, whose plain little ring she had worn nearly three months on her engagement finger.

Mrs. Holland sighed.

"It is ungrateful, I know, child, but the idea of your going on the stage has overwhelmed me. But, if you want to go, go; and when Dr. Conway comes, I'll see what he thinks about it."

Hattie drew her pretty, graceful figure up.

"Doctor Conway cannot expect to decide for me, mamma, much as I respect him. I will run down to Harry's shop to buy the tarletane after tea, and tell him—he ought to be told. Mamma, I'll make you some buttered toast, and warm over that broiled bird Doctor Conway sent you for dinner, shall I?"

* * * * * *

Harry came in, humming a tune.

A dapper little fellow, with close-curled black hair, that was parted very near the middle, and arranged to precise perfection.

His blue eyes were shaded by long, curling lashes.

A moustache that gave encouraging promise darkened his upper lip.

His attire was neat, even dandyish—close-buttoned frock coat, spotless linen, with tiny studs and immense cuff buttons; brown necktie, and a general air of pleased consciousness all over him.

He entered the cosy little sitting-room and looked into the dining room inquiringly.

"Tea ready, mother? I'm in a hurry to-night, for we've all got to go back. Old Remsen's a mean slaver to work people to death."

He threw himself into a chair.

"Tea will be on the table in five minutes, Harry, and it won't take quarter that time to tell you something I heard about Hattie Holland."

Harry looked up interested.

"Hattie Holland! What did you hear? Come into a fortune?"

"A fortune of disgrace I should call it! I have always said, you know, Harry, that there was something about that girl I did not quite fathom, and I told you when you engaged yourself to her that I didn't like her fine fancy airs. Now, you'll find for yourself she's no equal for you, if you are only a fancy-goods salesman."

An impatient frown was darkening on the young fellow's face.

He quickly said—

"And what's all that rigmarole got to do with Hattie Holland? She's as pretty and as nice——"

Mrs. Esmond interrupted him eagerly.

"Very pretty, exactly! And it's her beauty that's her ruin, Harry. Hattie Holland has accepted a position at the theatre; one of those disgraceful creatures I've heard you laugh about, that stand around anyhow while the colored lights are burning."

The rocking of Harry's chair stopped suddenly.

"Mother, I don't believe it. Hattie knows better than to throw herself away; she wouldn't dare displease me and do it. You depend upon it, it's a mistake."

Mrs. Esmond, carrying in the pot of fragrant, steaming tea, stopped decisively at her son's side.

"I tell you it's so. Hattie accepted the position in John Dwyers hearing this very afternoon, when John was doing some carpentering in the theatre. She's to get two pounds a week, and be dressed in green tarletane and wax beads."

Harry caressed his incipient moustache with a troubled air.

"I don't understand it. Hattie knows that if such were the case, it would—well, it will end our engagement. If I am poor enough to be obliged to work for my living, I would not marry a girl who would demean herself so. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I resent the way she has treated me in entirely ignoring me and my feelings on the subject."

Mrs. Esmond's small green-grey eyes twinkled with satisfaction as she poured out the tea.

For all his manly determinations, Harry's appetite failed him, and he felt strangely uncomfortable at the very idea of giving up the beautiful girl he secretly felt so proud of.

But a ballet-girl or anything on the

stage, was the one degree beyond the limits of his narrow reasoning process.

Nevertheless, his face was perceptibly lengthened as he went back to the shop—Remsen and Remsen's mammoth emporium, where two or three score of young men like himself were required to attend to the wants of the public.

At his counter a graceful figure was sitting, with a veil over her face that was removed as soon as Harry approached her.

He found himself face to face with Hattie Holland, all smiles, flushes and modest welcome.

"I've only been waiting a few minutes, Harry. I want you to select the shade of green you think will be the most becoming—tarletane, an entire piece, please."

Green tarletane!

Her first words were proof of the awful truth.

Harry bowed very gravely and awkwardly.

"What do you want with a piece of green tarletane, Hattie?

"We seldom sell it except to ball-goers or theatrical people, and you are neither, I hope."

He flattered himself he had put it remarkably neatly.

Hattie laughed softly.

"Not a ball-goer, Harry, but a new edition to the ranks of theatrical folks. Why—you look—as if—why Harry——"

She flushed confusedly under his cold reproach of manner; and the young gentleman's courage rose in proportion to her confusion.

"If I look as though I was horrified beyond measure to hear you joke so needlessly, I certainly do not belie my feelings."

A little determined look crept around her mouth, and her voice was very quiet in reply.

"It was far from being a joke, Harry. I am engaged at the theatre, and came to buy my stage dress and tell you all about it."

There was a chord of piteous pleading in her low sweet voice.

"Engaged at the theatre, you, my betrothed wife!

"Hattie are you crazy? Don't you know it's not decent?

"Why, what would my mother say—my folks, if I married a girl off the stage? Hattie you surely are beside yourself."

Her face was white now, and there was a glitter in her eyes new to him.

"What your mother or the rest of the 'folks' say cannot matter to me, since I do not propose to afford them any opportunity.

"Please give me a piece of the lightest green tarletane, Mr. Esmond.

"Here is the money and something that belongs to you."

She laid a sovereign down on the counter, and beside it the little gold ring she had worn only a few short weeks; and took her parcel and went out of the shop with the air of a princess who had been offering a great benefit.

And Harry Esmond wondered how on earth he had managed it so blunderingly that Hattie Holland had dared give him conge, and feeling a curiously-commingled sensation of relief and heartsoreness that it was really so.

While Hattie with indignant wrath one minute overwhelming her, the next bitter misery, rode home, wondering if her mother had not told the truth after all when she had said they had not a friend in the world?

The wicked doubt was dispelled for ever by the news that greeted her from her mother's trembling lips as she opened the door, wearied in heart and body.

"Hattie, Hattie, throw the horrid green tarletane in the fire as quick as you can! What do you think—oh, what do you think, and we'd never have known it if it hadn't been for Dr. Conway?

"And to know how I've been grumbling because sister Susan didn't answer my letters. Oh, Hattie, Hattie?"

Hattie's sad eyes looked the very picture of puzzled surprise, and when Dr. Conway stepped in, she was still frowning inquiringly.

He bowed and smiled.

A smile that lighted his thoughtful face like a sunbeam over clouds.

"I fear Mrs. Holland will have to delegate her pleasant surprise and sad news to me to tell.

"Your Aunt Susan died the day she received your mother's first letter, Miss Hattie, and has made you sole heiress of a fortune not less than eighty thousand pounds."

And in the silence that followed, Hattie Holland thought how perfectly happy she would have been if only Harry Esmond and she were good friends again.

* * * * * *

Mr. Harry Esmond turned from the door of Remsen and Remsen, where he had been lazily lounging for a leisure ten minutes.

"Did you see that turn-out, Hill? Footman and coachman in blue and silver. That's what I call style, Hill."

"Style—tip-top. Why on earth didn't you bow to the lady?

"She looked this way—Miss Holland, you know."

Harry Esmond stared, then curled his lip contemptuously.

"That's good! Miss Holland of my acquaintance is a poor girl, who is on the—who used to work for Miss Track."

"And didn't you know that the self-same Miss Holland who bought that green tarletane here, had come into a fortune—aunt died?"

"Did I know it? No, but I know it now, and it won't take five minutes to square us off.

"Then good-bye to counter-jumping. I'd see her to-night, if I knew where to find her.

"I don't think I would, if I were you, Esmond, because Miss Holland is engaged to Dr. Conway, I understand—in fact, I have it confidentially from my cousin Kate, who is to begin the bride's trousseau at once."

It was bad—bad enough; but infinitely worse when, that very afternoon, Miss Holland, all friendly smiles and pleasant courtesy—but that was as effectual as a barricade of iron to make him keep his distance—came sweeping through the shop to the counter over which Harry Esmond presided, and asked to be shown the newest thing in bridal silks, vouchsafing the pleasant information that Dr. Conway strongly preferred cream-color.

And Harry Esmond—as all men do, invariably—laid the blame on someone else—his mother, the theatre people, anybody but where it belonged, at his own cowardly soul.

False to His Heart.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"Oh my love is like the red, red rose
That's newly blown in June;
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

SO sang Carroll Wright in a clear, powerful baritone, as he bustled about his studio; putting together his palette, colors and brushes for a day's work.

The postman's rap interrupted him, and he took in his letters, carelessly noting a large, official-looking envelope, directed to "John Baxter," who had the floor above that of the artist.

The business of glancing over his letters accomplished, Carroll resumed his song and his painting, thinking how much play he might give his imagination in producing a satisfactory portrait of the especially ugly heiress, Miss Coddington, whose coming he momentarily expected.

Then, by way of contrast, he thought of Gabrielle Baxter—fair Gabrielle—who was sixteen, fair as a lily, blue-eyed, golden-haired, and figured in all the sketches hidden away in Carroll's portfolios, to wait for that great picture he was to paint some day for fame.

At present, prosaic as it sounds, he painted portraits for money.

Only the night before Carroll had represented to Baxter, pere, that life would be a howling wilderness to him unless he might hope to win Gabrielle for his wife, and Mr. Baxter had graciously smiled approval of his suit, and Gabrielle has whispered to him that she would be faithful forever.

So he sang at his work, and glorified his suite of apartments by fancying Gabrielle flitting to and fro there, his wife!

Ah! how he would work when the money was for Gabrielle!

Upon his song and his dreams entered Mr. Baxter, with the official-looking envelope Carroll had noticed in his hand.

He was an old man and a very nervous one, but he looked older and more shaky than ever as he came in, looking anxiously at Carroll.

The young man offered him the sitter's chair upon a raised platform, and he seemed to pluck up courage from being so enthroned.

He needed courage, for he had come to commit a mean act, and he knew it.

While he hemmed and coughed, Carroll waited, but his song was stilled, and his large brown eyes grew grave, if not actually troubled.

For there was a strange want of cordiality in the old man's manner, and he was Grabrielle's father.

"Is there anything wrong?" Carroll asked at last, his patience not proof against any more fidgety hesitation.

"No, no, quite the contrary. I came in—in fact, to tell you that Gabrielle's grandfather is dead, and has left her twenty thousand pounds.

"Her mother's father. I never knew he had any money, but here is the lawyer's letter."

Carroll's face—the gay handsome face Gabrielle loved—grew very pale. He knew well what was to come next.

"I came in to tell you," the old man continued, to let you know of her good fortune before we leave here.

"Of course, we shall not live in a house like this now, and—if I said anything last night to lead you to suppose that there might be any engagement, or—or——"

"I asked you if Gabrielle might be my wife, and you said yes."

Carroll's voice was deep and stern—Carroll's face hard as iron.

"But, you see now don't be angry, Wright—of course she has a right now to look higher; and she is so young, too—she must study, travel and improve her mind."

"You are quite right. I will give up my claim."

He was a proude man, and his pride was sorely wrenched.

The old man rose with alacrity.

"Yes, yes; I was sure you would see it in that light."

"Stay one moment. Does Gabrielle know?"

"No she has gone for more muslin for her artificial flowers. I expect her in every moment."

He went away then, and Carroll sat down in his own chair, his lips firmly set, his eyes stern, and went on with his painting.

He would not moan or cry, for he was a man, a man nearing thirty, who had met little sunshine in his life.

But he felt as if his heart dropped blood, slowly, cruelly, as he realized that Gabrielle was lost to him.

He had been two years in this house, seeing Gabrielle every day, the child-woman, who was her father's housekeeper, artifical bower-maker for a large warehouse, and in the evening Carroll's pupil.

He had seen, in the first days of his intimacy with Mr. Baxter, how the intelligent child starved for intellectual food, and he provided it, leading her on from study to study, and learning himself that never-forgotten task of loving.

She was a child in years still, and child-like in many of her impulses and actions, but the hard school of poverty had matured her in many respects, and Carroll never feared for their future together.

But by this sudden change of fortune, she would be lifted out of his sphere, out of the old life, and in the new one memory might prove treacherous, or the child love, now strengthened into wife love, might be replaced by a deeper devotion.

Altogether it was a hopeless hour Carroll spent, steadily working.

Then the door burst open suddenly, and Gabrielle, her face all stained with tears, stood there.

"Carroll," she cried, then stopped short at the sight of his pale stern face.

"Carroll don't look at me so. You can't think this wretched money will make any difference between us, Carroll?"

He could not keep his stern face in the presence of her evident distress, but he answered very gravely—

"It must make a difference, Gabrielle."

It must. He saw that.

In the future no one, not Gabrielle herself, must have power to say he took advantage of her youth, her childlove, to grasp her fortune.

So he gave her no tender word, not daring to trust himself for that.

He simply pointed out to her that her duty now was to her father.

And yet when she looked pleadingly into his face, her quivering lips faltering—

"But do you then love me no longer?" he could not speak falsely.

"Better than my life itself I love you, Gabrielle," he said.

"Then, after I have gone abroad with papa, as he wishes, after I am of age and can do as I wish, may I come back?"

"You will find me true, waiting for you."

She brightened visibly.

After all, this wealth would be very precious if she might come back in a few years and lay it at Carroll's feet.

Such a child still, that she trusted utterly both to his good faith and her own.

But Carroll, after the bustle of departure was over, after he had heard Mr. Baxter's stately farewell, and Gabrielle's weeping one, found all brightness gone from his life.

He still kept his rooms, because they were full of memories of the love that had so brightened him, but he worked in a listless, hopeless fashion, for many months.

Then he took ambition into love's place, and threw himself heart and soul into his art, painting with a feverish energy, born of inspiration.

He varied the monotony of bread-winning by painting portraits, by composing a large historical subject, and the art critics tossed him high upon the ladder of fame.

It was an agreeable sensation to find himself suddenly famous.

Carriages of wealthy dames stood at his door, while the fair owners sat to Mr. Wright for portraits, faithful or idealized, as their vanity prompted.

So two, three years passed.

Now and then Carroll heard of Miss Gabrielle Baxter, of her spirituelle beauty, of her triumphs abroad, and sometimes of her gentle, child-like manners, that the world could not spoil.

Once, an old friend—a physician, who had met the belle in Paris—told Carroll of her.

"She is like a snowdrop," he said; "as pure, and, I fear, as delicate.

"But she is exquisitely beautiful, and in her brighter moments ever with a touch of sadness.

"I hear she is affianced to an English nobleman.

"I met him, constant to her as her shadown. And her father looks well pleased."

After that Carroll painted more furiously than ever.

Miss Coddington determined that winter to have her portrait take as Minerva.

She could gratify all her whims.

One of these was to fascinate Carroll Wright, and three times had he painted her portrait.

He knew he could marry her at any time for asking, though she had not actually told him so, and it flattered him to know it.

For after all, if she was arrogant and ill-tempered, we all know a fortune need not go begging in the matrimonial market.

After he had heard of Gabrielle, he let himself drift into a lazy flirtation with his Minerva, and once having grasped the reins, she held him in hand so well that before he realized the situation, he was engaged to her.

He came home after the fatal words were spoken, in an agony of self-contempt, and stabbed the Minerva on his easel, till it hung in rags.

But the living Maria Coddington could not be disposed of in this way, and after a sufficient time for the preparation of a trousseau, there was a marriage, and Carroll took Maria Coddington for better, for worse.

Very much for worse he soon found it to be.

A loveless marriage, with a wife who spared no occasion to flaunt her wealth and his poverty, soon disgusted Carroll.

He firmly declined to accede to his wife's suggestion to stop painting now.

"It is so low to work, when we have plenty of money," she urged.

But Carroll held fast to this scrap of independence, and Maria fumed under the fact that he kept his personal expenditure strictly within the limits of his own income.

She had won him by unmaidenly device, and she hated him because he would not feign a love he never felt.

So another year rolled by, and Carroll was well known in art circles.

All that year he had heard nothing of Gabrielle, and he tried to think he had forgotten her.

Forgotten her!

Surely if punishment were wanted for that belief or insanity that made him Maria's husband, it came in the persistency with which the memory of Gabrielle haunted him.

He painted an exquisite gem—an Undine, for exhibition, and Undine's face was Gabrielle's face idealized by the might of love in the artist's pencil.

It was before him on the easel one morning, when a timid rap upon the door was followed by the entrance of—Carroll gave a groaning cry—Gabrielle!

She was so slender, so exquisitely fair, that she looked like a spirit.

Her dress was of faint cloudy-grey, a thin summer texture, floating around her.

Upon the glory of her golden hair was set a tiny hat of white.

She held out both hands.

"Papa let me come!" she said. "The doctor says he is to let me have my own way, because it will not be for long.

"And my own way was to come back to you, Carroll!"

Dying!

The great blue eyes, the wasted cheeks, told the pitiful story only too well

Dying!

And he had forfeited the right to gather her in his arms and catch her last sigh.

Carroll hid his face with one sob of utter misery, and Gabrielle was beside him, instantly.

"Did I come too suddenly, my beloved?" she said, and he felt her cold, little hand upon his curls.

"I did not mean to startle you so! We can have a few happy words!"

Only another sob, tearing his heart for answer.

"Carroll, am I too bold? Had you forgotten me?"

As he spoke, Gabrielle saw the picture, and gave a glad cry of surprise.

"You did not forget me! Oh, Carroll, my own love! You are glad I came back!"

She nestled her hand in his and put her face down upon his hair.

"May I ask," said a cold voice, "which one of your sitters is so affectionate, Mr. Wright?"

They both started then, to see Mrs. Wright, her face distorted with rage, looking at them.

"Who is she?" Gabrielle whispered.

"Who am I? I am Carroll Wright's wife.

"Permit me to inquire who you are?"

But Gabrielle was past answering.

With one agonizing look into Carroll's face, she had staggered away, groping blindly, to fall senseless near the door.

"You have killed her!" Carroll cried, hoarsely, knowing as he spoke that the death-blow was his own faithlessness.

He lifted her to a sofa, and they saw then that the grey dress was stained with blood from the parted lips.

Old Mr. Baxter, weary of waiting in the carriage, came up while they vainly tried to restore consciousness.

With broken cries, he told them that the doctor had foretold such attacks as the penalty of any excitement, and Carroll learned in his remorseful mourning how Gabrielle had pined away her young life, wearying for the love that her ambitious father would not consent to bless.

Tenderly she was carried back to the hotel, where Mr. Baxter had that morning taken rooms, and every restorative science could suggest, every skilful care was given to hold back the young life.

All vainly.

For some hours the breath came faintly, then ceased.

And over her grave two men mourned with all the bitterness of deep remorse—the father who had taken love from his child, and the lover who had been false to her and to his own heart.

POMPEY'S CARE OF HIS FLOCK.—A slave-master in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, said to his chattel—"Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes massa, I do preach powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "I'se mighty 'fraid dey does, massa." "Then Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the darkies against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey explained—"I say massa, dat would never do, 'cause 'twould throw such a col'ness over de meetin'."

A YORKSHIRE lad who had gone to service having had salad served up to dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, replied—"They make me yeat grass i' th' summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me yeat hay i' th' winter, and I could no stond that, so I wur off."

Her Mistake.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"ENGAGED to young Hazel, is she?" said Miss Felicia Addertongue, sharply. "Going to be a fine lady, eh? And I can remember the time when she was a bare-footed girl picking raspberries in her father's fields."

"She has grown up very pretty," said gentle Widow Markham, in her very mild way.

"Engaged to young Hazel, is she?" repeated Miss Addertongue, with a vicious look in her coal-black eyes. "I can put a spoke in her wheel, I think. Tall young chap, ain't he, with black hair curling close to his head, and a moustache as black as ink?"

"Yes," said wondering Mrs. Markham. "I didn't know you knew him."

"Oh, I know him," said Miss Addertongue, with a toss of the head, "and I know one or two things about him that Millville society doesn't seem to be up in."

"You don't say so?" said the widow, curiously.

"I do say so, and I mean it. You see, Mrs. Markham, I have ways and means of getting behind the scenes that no one else has. My sister, Phœbe Ann, that married Slatterly, and was left a widow six years ago, come next March, she's housekeeper at the Middlecombe Hotel. I was visiting her there last month, and that's how I came to see Mr. Hazel."

"My!" ejaculated the widow.

"With my own eyes," said Miss Addertongue, rolling up the white of them till there was no danger of their rebelling together into her head. "Harold Hazel, tall and dark, and always full of his fun?"

"Exactly," cried Mrs. Markham.

"He was there," nodded Miss Felicia, "with his wife."

"His wife!" echoed Mrs. Markham. "It can't be possible."

"But it is, though," asserted Miss Felicia, with gloomy relish. "I saw 'em myself. I heard him introduce her as 'Mrs. Hazel,' and tell somebody as how she was a great heiress. Older than him, but still not what you'd call an old maid, though, of course, he married her for her money. No kind of doubt about that. Such diamonds as she wore—and such silk gowns and overskirts of point lace, as you might cover over with bank notes and still not come up to its value."

"Well," cried out bewildered Mrs. Markham, "he's engaged to Juliet Reed, for I've seen the engagement ring that she wears."

"And he's married to the black-eyed lady," replied Miss Addertongue, with equal emphasis, "because I saw the wedding ring."

"Then what does he mean by making love to Farmer Reed's daughter?" triumphantly cried Mrs. Markham.

"Humph!" said Miss Felicia, pursing up her lips ominously. "That's a question I can't pretend to answer. What do men mean generally by their pranks? Just to have a little fun, I suppose, and amuse themselves for the time being."

"It's a cruel, wicked thing," said Mrs. Markham; "and Juliet is such a pretty girl."

"Tastes differ," said Miss Addertongue. "For my part, I never fancied them big blue eyes, and hair as looks as if it had been bleached. Juliet Reed always did feel above the rest of the Millville folks."

"Someone ought tell to her," said Mrs. Markham.

"Of course they ought," said Miss Addertongue.

"I couldn't do it," said the gentle-hearted widow.

"I could," said Miss Addertongue. "I can almost do anything when I feel it to be my Christian duty."

Pretty Juliet Reed was sewing in the cool porch, where the shadow of the great elm trees made a green oasis in the desert of sunshine around the quaint, one-storied farm house.

She grew pale as death as Miss Addertongue unfolded her tale.

"Harold married," she cried. "Harold with another wife. I do not believe it. It is false."

"I seen her with my own eyes," said Miss Felicia, secretly enjoying Juliet's agonized terror. "A great heiress—and of course a man will strike for the money."

"But it must be a mistake," persisted Juliet, the poor heart sinking sadly in her bosom at the cruel Auntie Borgia.

"Ah!" groaned Miss Addertongue, "it is but too true. Of course it's a great disappointment to you, Juliet Reed, but maybe it's meant by Atwood Providence as a lesson to lower your pride, to learn you that we're all poor worms and——"

"Miss Addertongue," said Juliet, drawing herself up, and taking her long eyes with a gravity—the calmness of gossip, "pray be silent. It is not your place to preach a lesson to me, nor to discuss matters which pertain only to me. Will you excuse me if I ask you to leave me?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Miss Addertongue, greatly disconcerted, but venomous as ever. "But it ain't no use trying to conceal the truth. He's played you a mean trick, and jilted you, for his own amusement, when he had a wife living already, and——"

But to Miss Addertongue's amazement, she was left standing alone in the porch.

Juliet Reed had quietly walked into the house and shut the door in her face.

"What does it mean?" Juliet asked herself in a sort of dizzy bewilderment. "He was a long away—he has not written for a week. Oh! surely, surely it cannot be possible that there is the faintest shadow of truth in this monstrous story."

And with her flushed face buried in her hands, Juliet Reed tried to fancy what the worst would be with Harold Hazel's love and constancy gone out of it.

"I told you so," croaked Miss Addertongue, dragging the Widow Markham to the window an hour or so later. "That's him a-setting back in the carriage, as proud as Lucifer. And that's the lady with the yellow silk parasol covered with white lace. Now, will you say that I was mistaken?"

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Markham, adjusting her spectacles on the bridge of her nose, "I couldn't have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

"And they're driving straight to Farmer Reed's," added Miss Addertongue, diligently flattening her nose against the window panes. "Well, well, it's clear, she's charged him with it, and he's determined to brazen it out."

"Get your hat, Mrs. Markham. Let's walk that way. I need a skein of darning-cotton, and the way to Perkin's shop lays right past Mr. Reed's door."

But to Miss Addertongue's infinite astonishment—perhaps we may add disappointment—there was no sound of violent hysterics, no sign of family dissension, or tragical debate, as they sauntered by the farm-house gate.

"My," ejaculated Miss Felicia, "if they ain't all a-settin' together in the porch, as loving as so many turtle doves. Well, now I shall believe that Juliet Reed is going over to Mormonism, and believes in a man's havin' as many wives as he pleases."

Juliet Reed, however, had seen them as they slunk by, and rising from her seat, beckoned them to advance.

"Mrs. Markham," said she, "and Miss Addertongue, allow me to present to you Mr. Hazel."

The widow dropped a little curtsey.

Miss Felicia stiffly inclined her head.

"Also Mrs. Hazel," added Juliet.

"Oh!" said Miss Addertongue.

"My stepmother," said Mr. Hazel, mischievously, "just returned from a visit to Paris. My father will be with us next week."

"Oh," said Miss Addertongue, but it was with a different sort of accent on the monosyllable.

"And," he added gravely, "if the ladies of Millville want any more information as to our private family affairs, they have only to let me know, and I shall be happy to supply it."

Mrs. Markham turned very red.

Miss Addertongue engaged uneasily.

Nor did it lessen the confusion of Juliet and the pretty matron at all serve to render them less embarrassed, as they shuffled away home.

"Felicia Addertongue," said Mrs. Markham, "you've made a fool of yourself, and of me, too. And after this, I'm not going to believe a word of your gossip."

And Miss Addertongue had not a word to say in self defence.

In The Dark.

BY F. R. NELSON.

MILLIE MASON sat by the low, open window, looking down into the quiet, deserted street below.

Millie was one of those sweet, loving home-girls, with the bluest of eyes, the reddest of lips and a saucy dimple in either cheek; but the eyes were solemn and tearful now, and the dimples were folded away behind a troubled, grieved expression which shadowed the young face with an untimely sorrow.

"Oh, why don't he come?" she murmured, leaning far out of the window, and gazing anxiously down the dim, star-lit street.

A street lamp flickered on a distant corner but the one nearest Millie's home had for some reason, gone out, and the shadow lay dark and deep in that part of the street.

"I do believe—yes, there he comes," she added, a moment later, as the tall, square-built figure of a young man came hastily down the street, and ran briskly up the front steps.

Applying his latch-key to the door, he entered the hall.

The next instant something white came fluttering down the stairs, with a breezy rustle to its garments, and a pathetic voice addressed him.

"It is almost twelve o'clock. I waited up so that you wouldn't disturb——"

"Never mind, ma'am," said a merry voice, which didn't sound one bit like brother Frank's.

But Millie decided, with a sigh and a heavy pain at her heart, that it was because he had been drinking.

She must get him up to his room without disturbing Uncle Paul, she thought, anxiously, for Uncle Paul had said the very day that Frank Mason must "change his ways," or find some other home, and Frank had promised, so earnestly, to reform, for Millie's sake.

If Uncle Paul should learn of this mistake, he would never forgive him.

If she could only smuggle him into his room without the "sharp-eared" old man's knowledge, maybe he'd be more careful in the future.

"You shouldn't have waited up for me, sis," said the young man, putting his arms about her in a very brotherly manner.

"No," he added, as she turned to ascend the stairs, "you shouldn't have come down to-night, you are not strong enough yet. But since you did, I'll carry you up."

He took her in his strong arms as he spoke, lifting her as lightly as if she had been a child of eight, instead of a plump young lady of eighteen.

It was such an unusual thing for Frank to do.

He was not very demonstrative in his affection for her, and had never seemed especially careful or tender of her.

Millie was actually frightened at his unusual kindness and thoughtfulness; but she did not dare remonstrate, for fear of arousing Uncle Paul.

To think that he should consider her scarcely strong enough to come down the stairs to meet him—she, who had spent the greater part of her sweet, unselfish life in waiting upon her lazy, big brother!

Of course this unusual tenderness on Frank's part was wholly due to his half-intoxicated condition.

But, as the strong arms carried her safely to the top of the long stairs, a delicious little thrill ran through her, and she could not help wishing that Frank would always be like this in his care for her.

"There you are, puss!" he said, putting her down at the top. "Now for my pay!"

He lifted the girl's face to his own and kissed it, in the gloomy shadow of the unlit passage.

Millie felt a crimson wave sweep over it. Frank had never kissed her, except after long separation, and then it was more as an imperative duty than a real token of affection.

"You are the heaviest sick girl I ever carried upstairs," he said merrily, as though it was a common thing for him to carry girls upstairs, and Millie knew that the bashful fellow would have cut his hand off sooner than have done it when in his right mind.

As for her being sick—the mere thought brought a smile to her lips; but this was no place to dispute with her brother in his present condition.

"Go to bed, sis," he said, with a tender solicitude in his tones, "and don't wait up for me again."

"You can't afford to have your night's rest broken.

"Only a few weeks and this night work will be over.

"I am doing the company a good turn now, and they are not the kind of men to forget it either."

He turned as he spoke, and bidding her good-night, opened the door and walked directly into the guest chamber.

Millie stood quite still in the dark, and looked at the place where he had disappeared from view.

She could hear him moving about the room, getting ready for bed.

"I'll have to manage to make the bed, and straighten the room, before aunt finds it out," she soliloquized.

"She'd know that Frank wasn't right, or he never would have gone in there."

Millie was up early the next morning, in order to be ready to "straighten up" the guest chamber the moment Frank should leave it.

She lingered about the passage anxiously waiting, when suddenly someone came up the stairs and discovered her there.

"Why, Frank!" she gasped, "when did you get up?"

"I haven't been to bed at all," he answered; and she could see that he had not been drinking either.

"Uncle Paul and I spent the whole night at the shop. We found out that a burglary was meditated, and we caught the thieves, too.

"Uncle Paul is so delighted over my part in the affair that he is going to promote me at once."

"You didn't come home last night?" exclaimed Millie in surprise.

"No, ma'am I had other fish to fry."

"And you haven't been drinking?"

"Nothing but water. I've signed the pledge and mean to keep it."

"And you—you didn't carry me upstairs, and—and kiss me at the top," faltered Millie, with crimson cheeks.

"No, indeed," laughed Frank. "I'm too sensible for such nonsense."

"Then who did?" cried Millie, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I think it was me," said an exceedingly "crestfallen" voice from the door of the guest-chamber, near which Frank and Millie had been standing.

"I supposed that I entered my own home last night—certainly my keys all fit the locks exactly—and I thought that you were my sister who is just recovering from a long illness. I don't suppose you can ever forgive me for making such a mistake," he added appealingly, looking straight into Millie's blue eyes.

And she, remembering how tender he had been of his sick sister the night before, and how delightful it had seemed to be "cared" for in that way, could not refuse to forgive him.

"The mistake is common enough," said matter-of-fact Frank, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and Millie'd be a fool to resent it.

"I made the same mistake in broad daylight to-day.

"I passed into your dining-room and saw a strange girl setting the table, so I made my excuses and fled.

"I don't see what made her look so much like a rose-colored angel to me, unless it is to get prepared to do so.

"I've got my hand on the house-keys, but they put the screw locks on all."

The young stranger, whom Millie had discovered was a very handsome man, had sooner than Frank supposed as though he would be very busy and kept them waiting.

"I didn't intend to sleep a wink, but I dug hug," he added, addressing Frank, but gazing at Millie, and thinking of the plump burden he had carried upstairs the night before. "The only way for you to get even with me will be to walk into our house some night, and appropriate a bed for yourself."

"I think," said Frank, with unusual thoughtfulness for him, Millie thought, "the way to settle the affair, is to become better acquainted, so that when a mistake of this kind does occur, the culprit will not have such a very embarrassing time of it."

Frank's suggestion was acted upon at once, and the result was just what might have been expected.

Millie married the man who had carried her up-stairs and kissed her in the dark; for she said, "A man who is kind to his mother and sister will make a good husband."

Frank gave his consent, though it would have made no difference had he refused.

"For," he said, "if Millie lives in the other house, I won't have to be so particular on dark nights to see the number. Where houses are built alike, it is well to have a bed in every one of them."

A CHINESE BELLE.—A Chinese belle is a curiosity to Chinamen, as well as to Christians. Even her own countrywomen look upon her with as much wonder as admiration. One reason of this is her rarity. Belles in China are rare birds of rare plumage. No ordinary community can afford the luxury of possessing more than one or two such dazzling charmers. As speech with the male sex is of course forbidden her, her features, eyes, cheeks and silent lips must all be eloquent. Her skin must have great fineness of texture to endure the continual coatings of white and vermilion paint which the laws of her being enjoin. Her feet must not exceed three inches in length nor one inch in breadth. The finger nails of her last three fingers must be as long as their fingers. To wear two pin nails are the especial glory of Chinese fashion. Her daily life does not differ much from that of a lady of fashion in the days of Pepys or the younger Walpole. Suspicious of the morning vests, she never rises before noon. Breakfast is served in her own room by her servants. This languid meal over, she begins the serious business of her life. Hair by hair, supported by three or four hair-dressers, she attacks the tangled locks in whose adornment she finds her chief pride. Both mistress and maids labor for three or four hours, with snatches of rest, and, thoroughly exhausted by their task at six o'clock, sit down to their dinner. Each province has its separate method of dressing the hair, eighteen in all, and the fashion of a woman's hair betrays her residence. The handsomest coiffure is worn by the women of Khan Lu, that boasts the beautiful cities of Soo Chow and Shanghai. Strangely enough, the belle is the only woman in China who has a shadow of freedom. She is allowed to go to theatres, and even to pay visits, with far less surveillance than her less favored sisters.

There is something in the black patch that she wears next her left temple, or by the corner of her mouth, that checks any attempt at its propriety. A belle, of course, never walks, and rarely waddles, but is almost always borne in a sedan chair. She is an adept in the language of the eyes, and through those silent windows can signal more persuasive arguments than fame with her hundred tongues.

ORATORY.—"The incomparable flame of this overflowing heart" is the latest addition to the collection of oratory, and it is well worthy of being put beside the famous suggestion of an Irish statesman, "To stem the advancing tide of democracy with the reaping-hook of Conservatism." To M. Jules Ferry belongs the honor of its authorship.

"MADEMOISELLE FRAILTY is the name of lady," is the way a French translation of Hamlet puts the phrase—"Frailty they name is woman!"

CAN you speak of a young lady as being brow-beaten when she has her hair banged?

"Cannot Speak too Highly in its Praise."

Dr. Turner, of our New Depository, sends us the following important letter.

"BROOKLYN, 341 Hoyt St., Dec., 4th, 1881.
DR. JOHN TURNER, 862 Broadway, New York.

"Dear Doctor:—I had been subject to terrible influenza colds when I commenced using the Compound Oxygen, two years ago. On leaving my head they invariably seated themselves on my lungs, rendering them very sore, and would sometimes leave me a cough for months. I dreaded these colds more than my worst enemy. Since using the Oxygen I have not had one on my lungs, and I have frequently had one inhalation drive away the cold so completely that the next day I could scarce realize that I had had one at all. Other members of my family had used the Oxygen for the same purpose; also for rheumatism, dyspepsia, and Catarrh, with equally good results, especially in catarrh.

"Very truly yours,
FRANK W. DOUGHTY."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

Our Young Folks.

THAT MYSTERIOUS LION.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

A GREAT terror was abroad among the women servants at Henly Hall, by reason of the appearance of a lion, or some such formidable animal, seen at nightfall lurking in the unfrequented parts of the park.

The Lady's Walk, a wide tree-shaded avenue, was a favorite promenade of the creature.

One and all of the maids were in a white heat of fear if obliged to stir out of doors in the gloaming.

A noted menagerie had been going the round of the neighborhood just before this, could it be that one of the formidable captives had broken loose and was at large?

So folk questioned, laughing the while at the ludicrousness of the query, seeing there had been no outcry of loss or search.

"Well, Master Bert, have you heard the lion story?" asked Andrew Holt the gamekeeper, of the son and heir of the owner of this same Henly Park, meeting him sauntering home from his tutor's.

"What lion story?" and master Bert's face was aglow with interest, his dark eyes sparkling like two stars.

"Why, that the maids have seen one prowling about the park of evenings, especially in the Lady's Walk."

"What cracken-hearted things women and girls are!" quoth the lad, scornfully. "What did you say to them?"

"Why, some of us spoke up for the bravery of our kind, Master Bert. I told them I had been skeert myself of dark nights, and took many a tree for a giant, and many a bush for a goblin, till my hair lifted the very hat off my head; and maybe their lion was something as harmless."

"And then?" asked the eager boy.

"Oh! of course they held to the first story, as is woman's way—once a bear, always a bear.'

"Do you think it is a beast escaped from the show?" asked Bert.

"No, I don't," averred the keeper, dryly, looking hard at the lad.

"Have you seen the uncanny thing, Holt?"

"No, Master Bert: have you?" and the keeper's eyes again scanned him over.

"No, nothing worse than myself have I ever seen," returned he with mock gravity, "so you may be sure that I've always been in tolerable company. Well, I must, 'on, Stanley, on,' as Scott has it;" so saying, the lad turned and mounted away, the gamekeeper glancing after him thinking his own thoughts.

"Well, Martha, what is it?" Bert put the question, strolling along the terrace, as the sunset-room maid whisked past him, panting "like a steam engine," to quote Bert's form of speech.

"The lion, Master Bert, he rampaged by me as I came along."

"Where?"

"In the Lady's Walk."

"Well, I've been round and about, and I've seen no lion," averred Bert; "it must have been fancy."

"Do fancies snort and growl, Master Bert. It was a lion or a bear."

"Oh! come now, any silly would know the two apart.

"Suppose we go and look the gentleman up, shall we?"

"What, the lion?"

"Yes."

"Don't; you'll be torn limb from limb."

"Well, I'll risk it;" and the dauntless boy took the way to the Lady's Walk.

"'Twas a tabby cat, Martha," he told the girl, when he reached the house again.

"Well, 'twasn't a cat as I saw, but a rampin', roarin' lion, or a bear," was the retort.

"Well, I watched for it! and a cat is what I saw, scudding along the covered walk."

"Ah! Master Bert, have you been a-hunting?" asked Williams, the footman, in passing, who, like his young master was an unbeliever.

"Yes, fine old sport; reminds one of olden times, doesn't it?"

"Ah! Master Bert, you make fun, but you'll be caught some day," cried indignant Martha.

"I hope I shall," was the provoking reply, and so the matter ended.

The master and mistress were at home again, the lion story a thing of the past. But, one evening, when company was in the house, Martha was descending the stairs, with a tray laden with glass and crockery, and there in the lobby it rushed past her, and away down the dusky stairs. A cry rang through the house, followed by a crash; Martha's tray had made the descent of the stairs to the first landing without her, whilst she clung to the banister at the top, and sobbed aloud.

"What was that now?" asked Bert, leaping up stairs from the hall, book in hand.

"'Twas the lion, Master Bert, 'twas the lion," said the poor girl.

"What, smashed your crockery?"

"He tore past me and down the stairs, like I don't know what."

"Which way did he go?" questioned Bert, all eager haste.

"Down into the hall."

"But, I came through the hall, and I saw no lion, and the door wasn't open."

The master and mistress, followed by the guests, came up in the scene.

"'Twere just as if one of the skins in the hall were come to life," said was Martha's description of the monster.

"Let's see if the skins are all right there," volunteered ready Bert.

Ah! yes nothing was amiss or disarranged.

"Then 'twere the shadow of a lion," averred the maid, sobbing into her apron.

"Nonsense, my girl, a lion's shadow, indeed! Don't cry silly, but gather up this mess; and try to be brave enough to meet your own shadow, without all this ado; I thought that foolish lion story was laid to rest." So spoke the master.

"Do you know anything of this, Master Bert?"

"I saw no lion, papa, and I was in the hall when I heard the crash," was the response.

"There was no lion," said his father.

The grown-up people returned to the dining-room, Bert took to riding down the banisters, while Martha gathered together the fragments of crockery and glass.

The next day, the keepers had orders to be about the house and park at nightfall, and to keep their eyes open, and so they were and did; but nothing crossed their path, save hares and rabbits out for fun by moonlight, and that same tabby cat which Bert saw wandering in the Lady's Walk.

Ah! well, the mystery remained a mystery.

All the women had seen it, the "visage," as some called it.

William was half inclined to side with the believers, for he had caught a dim vision of something padding along a gloomy passage early in the same evening of Martha's escapade.

Days came and went; it was a busy, anxious time for the master and mistress, or they would have paid more heed to the occurrence.

But Dot, Bert's little six-year-old sister, in her guileless innocence, took a more sensible view of the matter, saying confidently to her brother—

"There are no lions in England 'cept in shows, are there Bert? And bears didn't come into houses, a long time ago, before I was born," and Bert would answer—

"No, nor ever will."

But, one evening the child's belief and nerves were rudely shaken, for, suddenly, the door of the room where she was opened, while a monster, with a wide-open mouth, and such teeth! stole cat-like in

She heard its panting breath, her mamma heard it, as well as its low growl.

Dear little brave maiden, her courage was gone.

"Mamma! mamma!" she screamed, flying to that sure refuge.

Well for her that her mamma was by, to clasp her in her arms, while she whispered, reassuringly—

"'Tis Bert, dear, only Bert."

Well for her that her mamma's eyes saw more than her startled ones, a boy's saucy face, peering under that terrible one, in pity may be, for the little screamer, and that she saw, too, that the spouting paws of the great beast were human hands.

"Hush, dear, 'tis Bert playing a trick," she whispered, and then the creature was gone.

Scream after scream awoke the echoes of the house, there a very noisy commotion outside on the terrace.

"Fire on him, fire!" cried Holt, the gamekeeper, and the heart of the mother thrilled through and through.

With her trembling little girl in her arms, she rushed down the stairs.

The report of a gun greeted her ears ere she gained the door.

She saw a group of servants on the terrace surrounding something, and a buzz of voices stole up to her.

"Bert, my boy, my boy!" she gasped.

"We kept, mamma, only fronted it sight of our cocked guns, and we only fired a bit of powder just to scare the creature," replied Holt, removing her to Dot. "See, here, he's coming to."

And yes he was sitting up pale and dazed.

"Where am I?" he asked, "and, and—where?"

"Where is your skin, Mr. Lion, is that what you want to know?" asked Holt, waggishly.

"Ah! young sir, 'twas a deep trick, but wouldn't answer—finding fun in other folk's fright," he added, helping him to rise to his feet.

"I was a bad get-up, but I knew the old skin the moment I set eyes on it. You must have spent powers of time on it; and the teeth, they make brave folk shiver, don't they Miss Dot?"

"It was a cruel deceit, my boy, and I should have been sorry to cause you the terror I felt when I heard them talking of firing on you," said his mamma, sitting quietly with him, after Dot was in bed. "And then the pranks you caused the servants; 'twas a cruel deceit, my boy, a cruel deceit."

"Holt said he knew 'twas a hoax of mine."

"Still, if he hadn't?"

"Well, mamma, I almost thought I was shot when I dropped, but—I'll never play lion again."

"WHAT on earth makes you announce that you extract teeth without pain? Didn't I hear every patient you had up here yell?" "You did, sir," replied the peripatetic dentist, "but those were shrieks of joy which they uttered, sir! They were so delighted, sir, at being painlessly relieved that they could not restrain their enthusiasm!"

THE saying "Exercise is life and a bad pedestrian soon attained to a jog will run away from a horse.

ITS REWARD.

BY P. R. NELSON.

THE face of the woman sitting there in the little parlor, and turned towards the rising moon, was stormy and troubled.

Her heart was full of rebellion against fate, the hardest fate a woman is ever called upon to meet—a loveless life.

I trust those of you who read this know nothing of such a life by experience, for I wish no woman so ill as to desire her existence to be shorn of the one great blessing which makes all trouble easy to bear. This was Katherine Oakes' thirty-second birthday.

Years before she had stood on the threshold of womanhood, and seen life, all fair and sweet, and full of royal promise, spread out before her.

She had entered on it fearlessly, trustingly, prepared to be grateful to Heaven for the good, and hoping to be willing to bear the trials patiently. The trials had come full soon.

One by one her nearest and dearest were taken away from her, until the grave covered all her kindred, and she was left alone with only her trust in Heaven and Ross Sunderland's love to comfort her.

She had been engaged to Mr. Sunderland, when a widow, Alice Martin, came to Lanesville.

Sunderland was a man of no great stability of character, and Mrs. Martin was a woman who knew how to play her cards.

Sunderland was wealthy and Mrs. Martin wanted a husband to pay her debts.

He would answer the purpose as well as any other man.

The fact that he was promised to another did not trouble the widow in the least.

She was shrewd enough to know that the romance of their love had worn off during five years engagement, and she had not lived thirty-five years in the world without finding out that long engagements seldom culminate in anything but coldness and disappointment.

In a fortnight's time the artful little cheat had put Ross Sunderland where he did not know what to be done next.

And Kate Oakes was proud and clear-sighted, and the result was just what the widow had anticipated.

Mr. Sunderland received his liberty, and threw himself at once at the feet of the charming Alice.

Of course he was promptly accepted, and in less than a month the wedding took place.

Miss Oakes withdrew more than ever from society, and had always been rather reticent, and ill-natured people said she was pining for her lost lover.

In the three years which had elapsed since his marriage, Ross Sunderland had repented sorely enough his disloyalty to Katharine, and had wished his charming wife at the bottom of the sea more times than he was years old

But Mrs. Sunderland did not care for that, so long as her laces and jewels were the costliest in town, and her turn-out the admiration and envy of all the less fortunate women.

Kate Oakes was still unmarried.

Her love for Sunderland had died when she first realized his utter worthlessness; but we all cherish the memory of what is dead, and so in her heart, she kept the sweetness of the love she had once felt for this false man, and often suffered her life to be saddened by the thought of what might have been.

This was her history—no romance or tragedy about it, you see—a very common-place affair.

For the greater part of the time Miss Oakes was quietly resigned to her fate.

She had been so long called an old maid that she had quite gotten over the pain the careless words had at first given her.

People were always saying of her that she was so strong and self-reliant she needed no one to take care of her, forgetful of the fact that to no woman on earth are protection and appreciation half so sweet as to the woman who is entirely able to protect herself.

To-night a very little thing had made her discontented.

A stone cast into a still lake will stir all its surface into ripples, and so a slight thing will break up the composure of years in a human heart."

She sat by the window and saw Margaret Allston, and Hannah Reed, old school-friends of hers, go by, escorted by their husbands, and looking happy and contented, and rebellion had crept into her heart.

Not that she would have married Allston or Reed under any circumstance, for neither of them was her kind; but a strong sense of her utter desolation came over her as she watched her friends pass by.

A very foolish thing for anybody to cry over, but Kate Oakes did cry over it, and made her cheeks very red, and her brown eyes were dull and heavy.

By-and-by, it began to rain, and the wind blew and shook the casement, and Katharine's white cat crept into her lap to be warmed and petted; and, in a little lull of the storm, there came a somewhat timid rap at the outer door.

Miss Oakes put down the cat and went to answer the summons.

A tiny girl [illegible] with a ragged dress [illegible] in her arms, stood shivering on the door-step.

"Please may I come and [illegible]" her teeth chattering between the words, "may I come in a little while myself?"

Miss Oakes took the little [illegible] and [illegible] her, and [illegible] the warm fireside.

She removed the wretched shoes and the ragged, wet dress, and wrapped her in a shawl of her own, and placed her in a great easy-chair in the corner.

"Dollie," said the child, addressing her rag-traveling companion, "you and me is all right now. We've got to heaven."

Miss Oakes learned the child's history while she was eating the warm supper which was soon placed before her.

Her name was Annie Cleares.

Her mother was dead.

Three years before her father had sailed away in a big ship, and left her to the care of her Aunt Martha, somewhere in the city.

Then the news came that the cruel sea had swallowed up her poor papa.

Soon after, her Aunt Martha had died, and a woman with such a dreadful temper, had taken her away to a place where she had to scrub pots and kettles all day; and then, little Annie said, this woman, who owned the aforesaid pots and kettles, had turned her out of doors the night before, because she had symptoms of fever.

Miss Oakes shrank back involuntarily.

Almost everybody has a nervous horror of disease, and for a moment Kate was tempted to send her small visitor to the workhouse.

Only for a moment, however.

There was something wondrously appealing in the soft blue eyes of the child lifted to her face, and the heart of the lonely woman could not resist the pleading.

She undressed the little waif, laid her in her own bed, and sent for the doctor.

His decision was prompt.

The child had fever, and had best be sent at once to the place provided for cases of the kind.

But Miss Oakes said "No."

Her mind was made up.

She would keep Annie, and nurse her back to health, or make her dying moments easier and sweeter.

So the doctor left her in peace.

It was a fierce struggle for life with little Annie, and all alone Miss Oakes kept watch beside her.

And when at last the crisis was reached, and the child was pronounced out of danger, then Katherine's strength gave way, and she, too, fell a victim to the disease.

For weeks she lay there on her bed, unconscious of all that was passing around her.

But one sunny day in April mind and memory came back, and she lifted herself feebly on her elbow, and looked around her.

She was in her own pleasant chamber, and Annie was playing with a gorgeous new doll before the glowing grate.

A pleasant-faced middle-aged woman was sewing by the window, and in the arm-chair was a tall, bronzed-cheeked man of forty years or more, an amused smile on his face, and a very genial light in the blue eyes which met her own.

"Well, Mrs. Bell," said he to the old lady, "our patient is herself again, thank Heaven.

"I will go out now, and mind you tell her all she wants to know, and don't forget to say that I bless her every day of my life for saving my little Annie."

When he was gone, Kate drew the whole story out of the nurse.

Annie's father had been wrecked, but not drowned.

He had written Aunt Martha a full account of everything.

But the letter had never reached its destination.

Supposing his child safe and well cared for, he had joined a party bound for the diamond fields, and had been one of the few to realize a fortune.

He had returned home seeking for Annie, and after a long and weary search had found her.

His kind care had provided nurses for Miss Oakes, to whom he was very grateful.

But Katherine heard all the story with keenest pain, for she had learned to deeply love the little Annie, and how could she part with her.

When she was able to sit up, Cleares broached the subject to her.

She put her arm round the child with a suppressed cry.

"Papa must not take me away from you," said the little girl; "but he must take you and me both, and love us both together."

The eyes of Katherine met those of Mr. Cleares.

That freemasonry there was in the glance I do not pretend to know, but the man put his arms around the woman and the child, and drew them both to his bosom

"My wife and my child," he said softly, and kissed them both with infinite tenderness.

And Kate Oakes' life was no longer desolate, and little Annie had a mother, whose love was pure and strong as that which is born of ties of blood.

Kindness had gained its reward.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue [illegible] from the Ferry House and Cortland Street, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in ten minutes, and save $2 Carriage Hire. If you go to Sturtevant House or Grand Central Depot, a baggage waiter transfers you from Hotel to the Depot, free, and Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE MORNING SUN.

BY E. IRWIN.

Let trumpet and pipe and voice and song
Echo unto the skies!
Let chorus and hymn thy praise prolong,
O glorious Sun! that comest again
With thy ever-new surprise!
O splendor of earth and life that give
Joy and beauty to all that live
And daily the world renews,—
O fountain of light and color that flings
O'er the darkest and dullest of early things
Thy glad transfiguring hues,—
O glory of earth and sea and sky,
Life of a myriad worlds on high,
Soul of the universe, light of its eye,
Who shall his voice refuse,
To swell the chorus that evermore
Is shouted from flashing peaks that dare
The cold thin depths of the breathless air
Thy earliest glance to see,—
To the crawling foam that fringes the shore
Murmuring impatiently?
From the trembulous forest that uplifts
Its listening tops, while the morning breeze
With its news from afar with a whisper sifts,
And thy glorious coming promises
To the humblest of weeds and grasses low,
Where the cool stream with a murmurous flow,
Is talking and running to catch a sight
Of thy first sweet gleam of morning light,
To tell unto all below,

All, all are joining with one glad tone,—
All, all are chanting their song as one,—
From the bass of the thunderous avalanche
And the cataract's dizzy booming;
To the whisper fine of the quivering breeze
That hurries through myriad leagues of trees,
And the insects' infinite humming,
The Sun! The Sun! The Sun! The King!

REMORSE OF DUELISTS.

WHILE few who have survived fatal duels during the past century and a half are strangers to either grief or remorse, there have lived and died many whose perfect peace of mind had been forever afterward shattered and destroyed

The brilliant S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who fought a number of duels in deference to public opinion, admitted great remorse.

His moral and religious training and scruples were antagonistic to the custom, yet he once went upon the field after he had become possessed of wife and children. Probably no gentleman of as natural wit and sunshine walked so much in the "shadow of the valley of death."

He once wrote to a friend concerning one of his meetings, that he did nothing but "read the Bible and weep and pray." "The possibility of leaving my family unprotected," said Prentiss, "or of killing a fellow-being haunted me so that I could not sleep, and I tottered around in the daytime like a worn out old man."

Undoubtedly, Mr. Graves, who killed Mr. Cilley, suffered much from remorse. Just before he died, he said it required a higher order of courage to decline than to accept a challenge, and he declared that, if ever he became involved in another difficulty his moral obligations, and not fear of public opinion, should guide him in all his actions on the premises.

As vigorously and as humanely as Daniel O'Connell deprecated dueling, and as reluctantly as he met D'Esterre, whom he killed, he never got rid of his remorse of conscience from the day of the fatal meeting.

The dying groan of D'Esterre made a wound in O'Connell's heart which no physician could heal.

He once declared in the House of Commons that, having blood upon his hands, he had registered a vow in heaven.

And it has also been written of O'Connell that he never attended church after the killing of D'Esterre without first wrapping up in a handkerchief the "guilty hand," declaring that he could not approach his Redeemer with the hand exposed which had killed a fellow-man.

Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, (although it has often been stated that the duel was forced upon him) deeply regretted his meeting with Lucas, (in which the latter was killed) and some time previous to his death Colonel Benton destroyed all the papers he had in his possession, or that he could obtain concerning the affair.

Colonel John M. McCarty, who killed General Armistead D. Mason, suffered great remorse up to the time of his death over the remembrance of the unnatural encounter.

Mason and McCarty were Virginians, and cousins, and quarreled over politics, which ran high at the time—1810.

Captain Gillespie, who, as second of Lieutenant McKenzie in the duel of the latter with William Barrington, in Ireland, in 1777, assassinated Barrington during an altercation, who became afterward an eminent officer in the British army, suffered a good deal from what the jury seemed to think was "justifiable homicide."

It has been said of Gillespie that he always seemed to court death during his many engagements with England's enemies, and that he at last received a fatal bullet while leading his command into the thickest of the fight.

Theodore Newcoff, of Westphalia, the remarkable young Jesuit who, in 1736, gained the throne of Corsica, never overcame the grief he experienced after killing a fellow-student, in a duel, in 1729, and died in England, in 1756, of remorse and disappointment.

James Paull, who killed Sir Francis Burdette, in 1807, became frantic with insomnia afterward, and committed suicide in 1808.

Captain Best, who killed Lord Camelford, in 1804, although he did everything in his power almost to effect a reconciliation, never recovered from the shock he felt at seeing his antagonist fall mortally wounded, and left for dead on the field

"No moment of my life has been an entirely happy one," he once said, "since I killed that man. I often see poor Camelford standing up before me."

Best died from delirium tremens at the age of forty eight years

M. Tornhill, who killed Sir Cholmeley Dering, in 1711, suffered great distress of mind in consequence.

One of the most painful events in the annals of dueling was the meeting (in Ireland, in 1808) of Messrs. Alcock and Colclough. They had been the warmest friends, and soon after Alcock's trial for murder, and acquittal, he became demented and died in an asylum for the insane. His sister, who was engaged to be married to Colclough, also went insane.

M. Mira, who killed the young French poet, Duvalle, experienced great remorse. He lost all his fortune in various ways; disease killed his horses, his chateau was destroyed by lightning, his dogs went mad, and he at last died from the effects of excessive grief.

Grains of Gold.

Hatred is blind as well as love.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

A good beginning is half the work.

Gold is no balm to a wounded spirit.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

Most of our comforts grow up between crosses.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

The cup of pleasure sometimes has dregs that one must drink long afterwards.

A little praise is good for a shy temper. It teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.

It is more difficult to dissimulate the sentiments we have, than to simulate those we have not.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

The duty of doing, not great things, but what we can, is the very top and sum of human obligation.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more in proportion to the worth of the thing given.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

It is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

Uprightness in all our dealings with one another is a matter, not of human convenience, but of divine requirement.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to be like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

It is not so much the mental vision that is desired to discern truth and goodness as the moral courage that dares openly to espouse it.

It is a wise man who knows where to be firm and where to be yielding, and the latter knowledge is by no means the least important.

People of mean capacities more despise and ridicule what is above the reach of their own intellect than that which is below its standard.

Whatever study tends neither directly or indirectly to make us better men and citizens is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness.

A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as would stock a palace.

Femininities.

St. Louis belles have organized a boxing club.

Men declare their love before they feel it. Women confess theirs only after they have proved it.

A house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

The reason that women are so much more sociable than men, is because they act more from the heart than the intellect.

The newest style of engagement ring is a diamond and ruby, or a diamond and a sapphire set at right angles, or diagonally.

In Lye Waste, England, where blacksmiths abound, the work with sledge and anvil, it is stated, is done mostly by women.

Geraniums and caccolarias, used in "window gardening," are said to exert a powerful influence in keeping a room free of flies.

A society belle of Columbus, Ohio, hires a messenger to carry her satchel when she goes shopping, while she lugs a nine-pound poodle.

"You see, I never contradict, and I sometimes forget," said Lord Beaconsfield, when asked why he was a favorite with the Queen.

A young man rarely gets a better vision of himself than that which is reflected from a true woman's eyes, for God himself sits behind them.

A city man who is the father of seven daughters has ordered a beautiful and expressive motto for the parlor wall. It reads: "No sons-in-law to board."

The latest feminine freak reported from Washington is, that several girls in society there have had the initials of their lovers pricked into their arms with india ink.

A "genteel" washerwoman in Washington takes the House of Representatives' laundry work on contract, hires the work done at $4 per week, and pockets $30 a month.

John Ruskin, who for twenty-five years of his life would not believe that women could paint, confesses that he is converted by the excellent work done by women artists.

A Rockford, Ill., girl has lately recovered from an illness during which, it is reported, she was seven weeks without food and five weeks without any nourishment whatever.

The hero of a late opera is a young man who kisses the reflection of a beautiful girl in his looking-glass, and for this crime is punished by having his shadow horsewhipped.

Mme. Patti, says a London paper, was offered by Brigham Young a position at the head of his Mormon establishment. "But," it says, "she declined the proffered honor."

A Quakeress said recently to a friend, in reference to the Quaker formula of marriage: "It is true I did not promise to obey when I was married; but I might as well, for I have had to do it."

A Baltimore spinster has become insane over the death of her pet dog. This should be a warning to other maidens to keep two dogs. In case one dies life will not then be bereft of all its joys.

A man will burn his fingers lighting a cigar with a piece of paper, and make no fuss, but when his wife asks him to set the tea-kettle over, and he takes hold of the warm handle, he's terribly wrothy.

Mrs. Paul Ferrin celebrated her 95th birthday at Boston, the other day, in the home which she entered as a bride in 1811, and from which she has never been absent more than forty-eight hours at a time.

Two negro women of Concordia Parish, La., recently fought a duel, the one having a revolver and the other a shot-gun. It was believed, however, that both antagonists shut their eyes during the firing, as neither was hit.

A correspondent of an English agricultural journal makes the statement that diseased and worn-out horses are converted into meat pies for the London market. No doubt the story is a foul slander, but it allays a hankering for London meat pies.

Husband (airily, they had just returned from their wedding trip)—"If I'm not home from the club by—ah—10, love, you won't wait——." Wife (quietly)—"No, dear"—(but with appalling firmness)—"I'll come for you!" He was back at 9.45 sharp.

Violetwood fans, pleasantly fragrant, are made with smooth sticks, on which ladies who draw well, make outline sketches of their friends, sometimes slightly caricaturing them, and the friends are expected to acknowledge the likeness by adding their autographs.

Lucy Larcom, the authoress, lectured to a large audience, many of them mill operatives, at Lowell, Mass., the other night, upon her life in Lowell thirty or forty years ago, and the life of mill girls at that time. The girls worked from 12 to 14 hours a day.

American ladies desirious of extirpating freckles are told that his pink face, while it delighted his mother and all his lady friends, troubled the German Emperor terribly when he was a youth. He used to rub his countenance with bacon rind and then lie on a sunny lawn.

A Dubuque baby-show prize was awarded to a scion of the house of Haas, and the white mothers made such a row that the judgment was reversed, and the boon bestowed upon one of the Caucasian competitors. The white-faced darlings could stand no such dark proceedings.

"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said the editor to his daughter, when he came home at 2 o'clock in the morning, and met a timid, shrinking young man between the front door and the gate. "Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl, smiling. "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

"Shall I sing 'When the robins nest again,' darling?" she asked, with a sweet smile, as she moved toward the piano. "Yes, love," he replied; then after a moment's pause he added, "allow me to call your attention to the fact that the robins won't nest again till next year." She did not sing, and he doesn't go there any more.

News Notes.

Norway has more than two thousand lepers.

A diamond field is reported near Silver City, I. T.

A bill for $7,000 was recently presented by a New York dentist.

An Omaha paper is trying to put a stop to Sunday-night courting.

A Quitman, Miss., man was recently married under an umbrella of roses.

A St. Louis savant says that the feet are much larger in summer than in winter.

Olive Logan writes that the Prince of Wales is getting more dissipated every day.

A lump of Alabama coal weighing 140,000 pounds is on exhibition at Birmingham.

A Southern man, with an eye to the main chance, has gone into "possum-raising for the market.

Boston, it is asserted, ships tracts to one part of India, and neatly-painted idols to another.

Mary Anderson, after Lotta, is the wealthiest woman in her profession. She is worth about $200,000.

The crusade against colored stockings still goes on. Red, yellow and violet are especially condemned.

Queen Victoria saves from her Parliamentary allowance five hundred thousand dollars a year.

President Arthur shaves himself. The barber who has shaved five Presidents trims his hair and whiskers.

Frank L. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, O., has perfected a machine capable of charging 1,500 shot-guns an hour.

The most remarkable known echo is that on the north side of a church in Shopley, Sussex. It repeats 24 syllables.

In Montana the law prohibits a woman from marrying until she is 18 years old, and a man cannot marry until he is 21.

Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels of peanuts, Tennessee for 250,000, and North Carolina at 125,000 bushels.

In Open Lake, near Yazoo City, Miss., there is a "white" alligator, which is described as having the color of a blue catfish.

Cleveland has a fire and notification agency which, for $5 a year, informs a man at home when his place of business is on fire.

Doorkeeper Bassett of the United States Senate has not been absent from his duties more than 20 days since Daniel Webster appointed him a page in 1827.

Cutting the hair short, according to a New York physician, is of doubtful utility in summer, since the hair in its integrity is a good non-conductor of heat.

At the recent celebration of the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Phoebe Rogers, of Huntington, N. Y., six brothers and sisters were present whose united ages were 468 years.

Lawn tennis as an amusement for ladies must go. The exercise is so violent that it makes their faces too red and interferes with flirtation. Croquet will take its place.

During the summer months the cadets at West Point are taught how to swim, how to rescue a drowning person, and the quickest method of restoring the apparently drowned.

A gold-fish, purchased 22 years ago by a lady of Frederick, Md., died recently. It is said that the old fish had not grown a particle during the whole period of its captivity.

Senator Bayard has set a praiseworthy example to his fellow-countrymen in more ways than one. He is the father of twelve youthful Bayards—nine daughters and three sons.

A species of lizard, called the hellbender, is now considered a delicacy by epicures. It is about ten inches in length, of a dirty mud color, and provided with four legs and a tail.

A queer coincidence is reported from Lynn, Mass., where, in the choir of St. Stephen's, is a boy named Macbeth, recently come from England, who has an uncle named Shakespeare.

The excitement over the recent discovery of a $10,000 diamond at Eagle, Waukesha county, Wis., has been revived by the discovery of three more gems, making seven found thus far.

The theft of a man's teeth is the latest piece of enterprising work by the thieving fraternity reported from Boston. They were extracted, together with his pocket-book, from the victim's inside coat-pocket.

A man in Arizona is suing a local paper because it announced that he was the father of a thieving boy a week old. The editor meant to say "thriving," but fate and the type-setter ordered otherwise.

The number of suicides in San Francisco is rapidly increasing, the average per month for half a year being a little over ten, which is more than double the average for the same period during the five previous years.

A New York theatrical manager says that he receives on an average 35 or 40 plays a week throughout the entire year. During three years he has accepted but three of them, and has produced none of them as yet.

Experiments with cypress and walnut, and walnut and cedar, prove that they will rot each other when joined together; but on separation the decay will cease, and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

A young Parisian lady, in whom symptoms of alcoholism were found by the family physician, was a veritable mystery to him and her family until, after patient watching, she was detected drinking cologne water. She was sent to an insane hospital for treatment.

The River Bridge.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

IN the year '61 I was superintendent of the Howish and River Railroad.

The daily trains were every hour, but after nine in the evening there was only one train until the steamboat accommodation at half-past three in the morning.

This intervening train was the Belport mail.

It was made up at Belport, and ran as far as Clifton, express all the way.

Belport was a large city and it was there that my office was located, for the business of the road was all settled and arranged at that end of the line.

The 12.30 train, or the midnight mail, as it was more frequently designated, was run by Earl Rogers, a young man of seven or eight and twenty, who had been employed on the road for some years.

Earl, taking all in all, was one of the finest fellows I ever saw.

Frank, handsome, generous to a fault, and very well educated.

For some time he had been desperately in love with Laura Demain, the daughter of a rich old fellow just on the other side of the Rocky River, a half dozen miles beyond Belport.

This love was fully returned, for Laura was a noble-hearted girl, and did not care for wealth or ambition when weighed in the balance with love.

Old Demain and she were two, and there was no probability of his ever giving his consent.

He had set his heart on her marrying Prince Carleton, a young blood of the vicinity, reputed wealthy, and of an old family.

Demain's opposition naturally made the lovers more determined, and they only waited an increase of Earl's salary, to be married in spite of papa Demain.

Earl was a faithful fellow, and I was doing my best with the company to get an advance for him, with every probability of success.

One dark, rainy night in November, just after the nine o'clock train had been got off, and I was sitting in the office trying to balance an account that would not balance, the door opened and Earl Rogers walked in.

He had on his waterproof suit, the hood flp over his head, and the collar buttoned up closely, but I saw that his face was very pale and his eyes gleamed with a unnatural fire.

"What in the world has happened, Rogers?" said I.

"You look as glum as if you were going to your own funeral."

"Mr. Woodbury," said he earnestly, "do you believe in presentiments?"

"No," said I. "I certainly do not! They are old women's whims."

"Perhaps so. I wish I could think so," said he sadly. "I have been trying very hard to."

"What is it, Earl? Anything gone wrong with Laura?" for I did not know but the little jade had been playing off with him after the manner of women.

"No. You will laugh at me, Mr. Woodbury, but I must tell somebody, or I shall go out of my wits," said he, half laughing, "and before Heaven I tell you it is all truth.

"Thursday afternoon, I took a hand-car and went over to Rocky River Bridge. I do not mind confessing that I went on purpose to get a glimpse of her home—perhaps of herself.

"I stood at one end of the bridge, enraptured at the sight of a red shawl which I know was here flitting in and out through the frost-bitten shrubbery of the garden.

"And while I was looking at her I heard foot-steps, and looking up I saw myself coming from the opposite side of the bridge!

"I was dressed in this suit of waterproof; and my face was pale as death, and my wide-open eyes were blank and expressionless!

"Sir, you think I am dazed, but I am only telling the truth!

"While I stood staring at the vision it disappeared; and weak and trembling, I came back to town.

"But the next day—yesterday, I had reasoned myself out of the belief of anything of the kind.

"It was a hallucination, I said, and to prove it so, I would go out there again, and see if it would appear for the second time.

"I went again yesterday, and sir, the same thing was repeated! It will come once more—and then I shall go to my death!"

"Nonsense!" said I, "come, Earl, be honest, and confess that you had been taking too much whiskey!"

"I never drink anything, as you know, Mr. Woodbury," returned he, "and the thing was fearfully real. And of one result I am satisfied.

"If I run the mail-train out to-night, I shall be killed, and Heaven knows what will be the fate of the train!

"I suppose it could not be taken off for to-night?"

"Taken off! What in the deuce do you mean?" snapped I—"this road runs trains as advertised, cowardly engineers to the contrary, notwithstanding."

He looked at me sadly, reproachfully, and I could have kicked myself for the way I had spoken to him.

"It was not on my own account, sir," said he; "but it is only a few days before Thanksgiving, and the train will be a full one. If there is an accident it may be a bad one."

"Accident!" said I contemptuously. "Fiddlesticks! Come in to-morrow and let me laugh at you."

He bade me good night gravely, and went out.

Presently the clock struck twelve and I heard the three sharp, successive whistles that told me the train was nearly ready.

A strange feeling of apprehension seized me.

What if anything should happen?

Yielding to an impulse which would not be controlled, I threw on my overcoat, turned out the gas, locked the office and hurried over to the depot just in season to catch the rail of the rear car and swing myself on board.

Earl Rogers stood at his post, pale and silent, yet alert and watchful.

By the head-light in the locomotive he could see the track for a half mile ahead, and his keen eye scanned every inch of the way as the train swept on.

Past Romaine station, past the Mill Cut, Hill's Embankment; and then plunged into the belt of woods which skirted Rocky River.

Suddenly as they swept around a curve Earl's cheek whitened and he drew his breath in quick and hard!

What he saw just before the train warned him that only death and destruction lay ahead.

He could, probably, save himself by leaping off, but that would doom all on board!

Not a second did he hesitate.

The sharp whistle to down brakes sounded—he reversed steam and did everything in his power to stop the train.

When he saw that his efforts were vain, that the obstacle which lay across the track only a few rods in advance could not be avoided, he sprang over the wood-box and unhooked from the cars.

The engine, released from the drag, shot ahead, and the next instant plunged forward into the gulf!

There was a crash—a succession of shrill whistles from the escaping steam, and all was still!

Not one of the cars went down—the first one halted on the very brink of the abyss, as if the more fearfully to impress upon the minds of the passengers the terrible danger they had escaped.

Before the train came to a stop I had jumped out, and was flying forward looking for Earl Rogers.

They pointed into the river in answer to my inquiries, and seizing a lantern from the hands of one of the brakemen, I climbed down the bank and found him.

He lay under the wreck of the locomotive—pale and bloody, with no breath coming from his icy lips.

The two stokers were a little way off—stone dead.

I am an old man, but I did not feel the weight of that poor fellow as I carried him up the bank, and on to the house of Demain, which happened to be the nearest residence.

Of course, old Demain could not refuse him admittance under the circumstances, and in five minutes Laura was with me trying to restore the lifeless man to consciousness.

She was all courage and hope; but for her we should have given him up for dead, and I to this day firmly believe that her presence and her care brought him back from death.

She never flinched when the surgeon amputated his leg at the knee—it was the only way to save him, Dr. Green said—and Laura held the poor head of the patient to her bosom and his hands in hers through the whole operation.

The accident it was found, had been occasioned by a stick of timber pinned across the track, and the railroad company offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the discovery of the perpetrator.

No matter how we found it out, but it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Prince Carleton was the guilty party.

He confessed it when we had him snug and safe, and said that because he wanted Earl Rogers out of the way, and because he hated the whole concern (meaning the road and corporation), he had formed this plan of diabolical revenge.

His father was a millionaire, and brought up our silence handsomely. Prince went to California, and I do not know what became of him.

Old Demain proved himself a trump, after all, and gave in gracefully.

He is dead now, and Earl and Laura live at the old place, as happy a couple as ever I saw.

As for Earl's warning, you may believe what you like about it. I have no explanation to offer.

GUM ARABIC.—What is it? After the rainy season in Morocco, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes down from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and is transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is one of great rejoicing, and the people, for the time being, almost live on the gum, which is nutritious and fattening.

LADIES! Ayer's Hair Vigor is a superior and economical dressing. It has become an indispensable article for the toilet.

THE VOICE OF SONG.

Fair music has not always charms to soothe,
For when by serenades made mad and wild,
And darling rest and gentle sleep exiled,
Some hated strains are neither sweet nor smooth.
From singers oft it comes we fain would slay,
Or list the loud cat's growl with more delight,
Or screech of owl that wakes the slumbering night,
Or youth's harsh notes just learning how to play
The drum. And yet such singer, 'gainst your will,
Insists upon reward when he has sung
His tune unwelcome, strives to get his fill;
Tho' more deserving to be brained or hung;
And while we beat the air in hopes to kill—
The surest mosquito still presents his bill.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

A great wag—A dog's tail.

A strong case—Sweitzer kase.

Short meater—A dishonest butcher.

Men who hate long sentences—Criminals.

Straw hats show which way the wind blows.

When is a gun like a dismissed servant? When it is discharged and goes off.

What is that which we often catch hold of and yet never see? A passing remark.

A man must be awful sick to get up out of bed at night and throw up a window.

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers? They write about face.

Sings the early melon and cucumber: "We're cramping to-night on the old cramp ground."

Many a man flatters himself upon having a sound mind, simply because nothing but sound ever comes from it.

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18	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
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Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensation when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

Facetiæ.

A claret punch—A blow on the nose.

The health question—How are you?

"Love laughs at locksmiths" is an old adage; but does it at wedlock?

If a man's aim is good in this world he'll probably miss fire in the next.

If a dog loses its paw, and a rooster loses its maw, are they orphans?

Why is a man who beats his wife like a thoroughbred horse? He's a perfect brute.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn? When he pulls its ears.

Don't feed children on cold food. Both children and meals are better when well warmed.

Some of the men who carry the most expensive watches never know when it is time to go home.

"What is it that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

There is one thing about a house which seldom falls but never hurts the occupants when it does. That is the rent.

A medical journal takes two columns to tell wakeful people how to go to sleep. We know a good way—try to keep awake.

The compactest verdict ever rendered was probably that of an Indiana coroner's jury: "Blode to peces bi the biler bustin'."

A correspondent wants to know if there is more than one religious denomination that believes in foot-washing. It is sincerely to be hoped that there is.

An exchange says there are no fewer than five distinct surgical instruments in the bill of a mosquito. The mosquito is the only skilled surgeon that offers its services free.

"Is snoring bad for the health?" asks a correspondent. That depends largely upon the size and temper of the parties disturbed by it. There are cases on record where it has produced serious contusions.

"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day now and then to attend your grandfather's funeral, but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."

A plumber in St. Paul, Minn., recently fell from the fifth story of a building to the stone sidewalk without breaking any bones. His wonderful escape is attributed to the fact that the side of his face struck first.

"What does the minister say of our new burying-ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor. "He don't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," said Mrs. Hines, "if the Lord spares my life I certainly shall."

A Step in the Right Direction.

We are gratified to learn, from an authentic source, that the Board of Cavalry Equipment of the United States Army, comprising experienced and able cavalry officers, has concluded to recommend for exclusive use in the service, the Specific Veterinary Medicines made by the Humphreys' Medicine Company, of 109 Fulton Street, N. Y.

This determination has been arrived at only after a most thorough and exhaustive examination of the subject. The above Board of officers, in the line of their duty, applied to this Company for information upon the subject, referring more especially to two points—the relative loss of stock and the cost of treatment. The Humphreys' Company simply referred the Board to the various horse railroads, express, and other large stock owners for information upon the subject, and the result of the inquiry was such that the Board has recommended the Veterinary Specifics, and the recommendation has been approved by the Quartermaster-General and General of the Army, and they are now being issued to the various Cavalry Regiments, Posts and Light Batteries.

Now, from the known character of the house supplying these Veterinary medicines, and the general reputation of the Veterinary Specifics, we have every reason to believe that the experiment, if such it may be called, will prove entirely successful.

Veterinary Pamphlet furnished free upon application.—[Exchange.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 198 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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25 Fancy Large Chromo Cards, 10 cents. DREW M'F'G CO., Baltimore, Md.

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Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are **Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse,** etc. If allowed to continue, **Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption,** and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

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is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system **Hereditary Scrofula,** and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

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Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla,* with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia,* the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron,* and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Sufferers from this pernicious habit will do well to write to DR. MARSH, of Quincy, Ills., who has a world wide reputation for the cures he has made during the past twelve years. The main points to be communicated are the present state of health, length of time used, and present amount of drug used per week. Satisfactory Treatment when desired. Send for testimonials from leading physicians and representative men and women cured.

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A Prize Send 5 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

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MAGNIFICENT ART WORKS!

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We offer the readers of the Post at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.

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☞ THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS. ☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

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No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparelleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded as oil-paintings, to apply at once.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SUMMER sunshine brings to light many things besides Summer flowers; the windows of drapers' shops are as gay and bright as parterres of flowers, and almost as suggestive of flower gathering, for the floral designs on silken and cotton fabrics are wonderfully true to nature in drawing and coloring.

The new silken and woolen fabrics are marvels of weaving; the broccolies, Genoa velvets, and broche silks, seem to surpass all their predecessors in beauty, and the choice of less costly but almost equally beautiful materials is even larger.

The new satins de Lyon are in all colors with raised velvet figures of flowers, fruits, and birds painted in their natural hues; some specimens which have bunches of cherries in the most glowing tints, on differently colored backgrounds, are among the most successful, and will make very handsome skirts, or the fronts of skirts, only.

Louis XVI. pekins in wide stripes are also very fashionable and beautiful; some of these like the new broche silks, have a quaint old world look, and one is tempted to think they must bear about them a faint perfume of lavender or camphor-wood, so strongly do they resemble the dresses worn by our ancestresses upwards of a hundred years ago, and that are still so carefully treasured in many families.

The Louis XVI. pekins have very wide stripes in faint blended colors, both colors and design being a soft indistinct mixture of forms and shades, divided by narrower stripes of broche satin in a dark color, or of silk gauze in an open lace-like pattern.

This rich pekin may be combined with gauze as in the following dinner toilette; the skirt is made of silk and gauze pekin, lightly gathered at the waist and lined with beige silk, the gauze stripe being also in the new pinkish shade of beige.

The tunic, or rather polonaise, is entirely of gauze; the corsage is short-waisted and the fronts draped in long paniers pass under a portion of the skirt at the side, so that the pekin forms a kind of redingote panel from the hips, and then appear again on the further side of the panel and end under the back drapery.

The waistband with its long flat bow is of ruby velvet, and a shawl collar of the material opens over a plastron of crepe lisse, the crossed ends which disappear under the sides of the corsage. A velvet parement ornaments the elbow sleeve.

Sicilliennes with broche velvet flowers or stripes rank amongst the many novelties in silken materials, and are very effectively combined with plain sicilienne to match. Broche terry velvets are also very fashionable, both for mantles and dresses, and the varieties of shot silks increase daily and are now far too numerous to be mentioned separately.

In plain woolen materials the most popular are very fine cashmeres and veiles trimmed with broidery on net, or with embossed terry velvet, or plain velvet.

All the shades between ecru and brown, which may be classed together under the general name of beige, are fashionable for these costumes, and a favorite style for making them is the skirt and polonaise, in one of the many new varieties of this long enduring vetement.

There are other fine woolen materials with printed designs of flowers or birds on a cream, mastic, or sky-blue ground, these are so thin that they require a silk lining. Embroidered woolen fabrics are quite as fashionable and pretty, very varied in style, and useful for light woolen dresses all through the summer.

In light silks the most popular are those which have small raised velvet patterns on a shot ground; later in the season sand colored silks with printed subjects will be worn at the seaside and in the country.

It is not possible in Paris or in London to appear in a dress covered with tiny pictures of shrimpers and boats, or of dainty little gleaners, however well they may be drawn and painted.

Such fabrics can only be worn in the freedom of country life.

Morning dresses will be largely made of a new kind of rough, loosely woven stamine, which drapes well in easy folds, and is exceedingly light and cool.

The newest zephyrs are printed with bands of stripes in graduated widths which are arranged to go round the skirt, the material is pleated in the indelible or accordion pleats, which were mentioned some months since; the effect is rather stiff, and in strong contrast with the easy flowing lines that please the artistic eye.

Tucked skirts are still all the rage; the tucks are made of all depths, from an inch to four inches wide, but this new fashion has had little effect on the older one of pleated skirts.

A pretty arrangement, introduced by a leading couturiere in Paris, is worth noting, as it is one easily copied and very useful for the alteration or renovation of half-worn costumes.

The two-inch wide box-pleats forming the skirt are divided by bands of ribbon velvet to match, sewn on flat down the space between the pleats, and ending ten inches above the edge in a loop six inches long, and an end cut in spear-head shape. Velvet in a contrasting color could be used in the same way, and the velvet bands might be alternated with box pleats all round the skirt, or robings only might be made at the sides of pleats divided by the bands of velvet.

Scarcely any skirts are now made tight and straight, except those that are pleated, which are mounted on a plain flat foundation skirt.

All others are lightly gathered at the top to fall easily over the hips. In mounting skirts the round band is also abandoned as it has been found not to answer well; the top of the skirt is carefully fitted on the figure, the tunic, when this forms part of the skirt, is also fitted on in the same way, the two are cut off exactly at the waist line, and then bound with ribbon which gives sufficient firmness without adding to the size by a waistband.

Tunics fan-pleated from the waist, long in the centre and shortening at the sides as they approach the back, are decidedly fashionable in soft materials, and in such as lie tolerably flat when pleated; the edge is cut straight and lined with silk, and when pleated forms a kind of coquille edge showing the lining.

But the draped tunic, short or long, rounded or with a point in the centre, or at the side, or with points on each side, has lost little or none of its popularity for ordinary walking dresses.

Jackets and pelerines are universally worn, much more so than mantles, although these are exceedingly handsome with their rich trimmings of lace, both piece lace and flounces, combined with quantities of jet in fringes, passementerie, and pendants.

The neat cloth tailor-made jacket is however worn with dresses of all descriptions, from the coarest woolen fabric to silk velvet.

The jackets are sometimes made of fancy cloth with straight open fronts; others are quite tight-fitting and bordered with bead fringe, each strand of which is tipped with a satin ball.

A new and smaller edition of the blouse parisienne is also a great favorite with young ladies.

It is made in Indian cashmere or fine serge, the fronts are full like a blouse, or polichinelle plastron, made upon a tight-fitting lining; the back has no side pieces but a seam in the centre; it fits closely over the shoulders and is gauged at the waist; a ribbon sash starts from the seams under the arms and is loosely tied below the waist in front.

The basque is simply hemmed at the edge. A great many of the jackets will be made for summer wear in tussore silk and colored batiste; in black or white lace lined with silk they will be even prettier and more dressy, and will be very effective with skirts of the pretty new chints sateens trimmed with lace matching the jacket.

Flowered crepe de Chine, chenille gauzes, and laces are the materials chiefly employed for ball dresses, on a foundation of faille, satin, or sicilienne.

Piece lace is used for the long draped tunic and pulled drapery covering the train and skirt of pink sicilienne; the parts of the skirt not covered by the draped tunic, and the edge, are trimmed with lace flounces, and the sicilienne corsage has a very small draped berthe and flounces on the sleeves of similar lace.

Fireside Chat.

ABOUT HOW TO COOK A BREAKFAST.

PROCURE from the butcher a good fat sirloin steak with the tenderloin attached; cut an inch thick.

Cut out the tenderloin, trim off the extra fat, split into four parts, so you will have four steaks one-fourth of an inch thick.

Take a sheet of foolscap paper, spread out to full size on a smooth surface; with sweet butter give the paper a thin coat all over the exposed side of the paper.

Salt and pepper the steak to taste, not too much: lay your steak on the side of the paper, turn the other half over the steak; then, beginning at the corner of the fold in the paper, crimp from each corner until you reach the centre; fasten with pins, so that the paper will not lose its folds, and you have your steak in a tight paper bag. Have a light broiling fire; place your steak as above prepared on a gridiron; hold over the fire, retaining hold of the handle, and watch carefully that the paper does not scorch or burn.

The steak will cook thoroughly in four or five minutes. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with sliced lemons.

Cooked in this way the meat retains all its juiciness and is free from all taints of smoke or fire, and will be accepted by the most delicate stomach and retained.

Scrambled Eggs.—This is a nice breakfast dish for a hot summer morning. Peel a large, firm, fresh tomato and chop it up small, chopping with it a small bit of delicate white onion; put into a hot saucepan with plenty of fresh butter and pepper and salt to taste.

Stir on the fire until the onion and tomato are thoroughly cooked; then pour in four well-beaten fresh eggs and stir quickly until the eggs are nearly set.

Serve quickly on a hot dish surrounded with little dice of bread fried in butter.

Stuffed Eggs.—This is also a good breakfast dish. Cut some hard-boiled eggs in half; take out the yoke and mash it smoothly with an equal quantity of grated ham, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and a small lump of fresh butter.

Fill the cup-like whites of the eggs with this mixture, pour over them a little melted butter and heat in the oven.

Serve with each half-egg placed on a neat square of bread nicely fried in butter.

Eggs Cooked without Boiling.—Put some boiling water into a large basin, and let it remain for a few seconds; then turn it out, lay in the eggs, and roll them over, to take the chill off the shell, and to prevent them cracking.

Pour upon the eggs boiling water from the kettle, until they are completely immersed; cover the basin with a plate instantly, and let it remain upon the table for twelve minutes; the eggs will then be found to be perfectly cooked, free from all flavor and appearance of rawness, and yet so lightly and delicately dressed that persons will be tempted by them who cannot eat eggs boiled in the usual way.

Oatmeal Drink.—It is one of the best recipes printed for gratuitous distribution by the National Health Society.

Put three tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal into three quarts of cold water and boil it for half an hour; while hot sweeten to taste with brown sugar.

Most people prefer it strained. This is very good mixed with cocoa, about half of each, as a hot drink, or it can be flavored with cloves and lemon peel boiled in it. If it is to be drank cold one-half ounce citric acid may be put to each two or three gallons.

Lemon juice is preferable to the acid, but very much dearer.

Rice or barley drink can be made in the same way, using broken rice or barley instead of oatmeal.

Any of the above are excellent drinks for the harvest field and very cheap.

Neck-of-mutton Chops.—The ordinary chop, as served in most chop-houses and restaurants, is cut from the loin of mutton, but the chops we now propose to discuss are usually termed "cutlets," and are procured from the best end of the neck of mutton, or the joint which is called in the North "back ribs."

A dish of cutlets need not necessarily be an extravagant item in the housekeeper's book if proper care be practised.

Purchase a piece of the best end of a neck of mutton, and divide and trim your cutlets at home.

Saw off the chinebone, and then cut each cutlet with a rib bone in it, which must not exceed three inches in length.

Remove every particle of gristle, and almost all the fat from each cutlet.

The bone should be scraped quite clean and free from skin at the back, as well as for a length of half an inch at the top, ready to receive the "cutlet frill" after it is cooked.

The top of each bone should be neatly sawn off, not chopped, or it will be rough and jagged and spoil the appearance of the cutlet.

When each one is prepared in the neatest manner, beat it flat and even with a cutlet bat, and it will then be ready for cooking.

Shoulder of Lamb Stuffed.—Take the blade-bone out of the shoulder of lamb, fill up the hole with forcemeat, and sew up with coarse thread; put it into a stewpan with a few slices of bacon under and over the lamb; add a bunch of herbs, two onions, half a head of celery, and a quart of rich stock. Stew gently for two hours; reduce the gravy to one-half, pour over the lamb and serve.

Tomatoes and Meat.—Cut in halves and hollow out in centre; take whatever cold meat you have, chop with onion, some herbs, crumbs of bread, and add to it two yolks of eggs; fill up your tomatoes, and put in a buttered pan; let them bake slowly.

Foreign Salad.—Cut boiled carrots, turnips, beetroot, and potatoes into small strips, and add, if liked, any other previously-cooked vegetables, fresh beans peas, scraped horse-radish, gherkins, and onions.

Lay them in layers into a salad bowl, gradually diminishing the size of the layers until it forms a point. Ornament with aspic jelly, hard-boiled eggs, picked prawns or olives, and garnish white small heaps of caviare.

A BAD habit to get into.—A coat that is not paid for.

Correspondence.

KATE.—Just at present we have no need of such matter.

LUCY.—Yes; it happened just about 15 months ago.

P. H. B.—The stories are not published in book form.

E. S.—Send on the poetry. We will examine it and if good enough publish.

F. O.—The best person you can apply to is some respectable doctor in your own neighborhood.

A. M.—You can have the number you have lost sent to you post free for three two cent stamps.

T. A. B.—Address the Dean of Jefferson Medical College, Phila., Pa., or the Medical Department University of Pennsylvania.

A. D. H.—Thanks for your praises. We shall always endeavor to merit them. We hope before many weeks to still further improve our journal.

E.—It was Charlotte Corday who stabbed Marat, one of the most infamous characters of the French Revolution, in his own house, July 15th, 1793.

FRIDAY.—There would be nothing immoral about it, but it would not be in good taste for them to give such an enterment under those circumstances.

B. B. L.—A lady may accept a birthday present from a gentleman to whom her sister is engaged, because he is already looked upon as one of the family.

E. MACG.—See reply to Darling. Your writing is very fair. We should be well pleased if every young girl in the United States was able to write as well.

J. B. R. C.—They have only to go before witnesses, and declare themselves married, and live together as man and wife. By the Scotch law this is a binding ceremony.

DARLING.—(1.) If the "boy" is twenty years of age, you are not too young to have him for a sweetheart; and after a couple of years' pleasant courtship, marry him.

N. P. L.—Your poem is hardly good enough for publication, but it shows talent, and we think if you practice and study, in a little while you will do very well indeed. Try again.

ANNOYED.—No; the young gentleman should not have leant on the gate after escorting you home. As you remarked, "it didn't look well," and he might have weakened the hinges.

W. H.—(1.) It is published in New York. Send thirty-five cents. (2.) Your writing is very neat, and read as easily as if it were engraved in copper-plate. There certainly seems nothing wrong about it.

BESS.—The origin of aerolites is in dispute, but little doubt exists that they are the fragments of planetary or other bodies falling within the attraction of the earth. Livy says that a shower of stones fell about B.C. 654, on the Alban Mount, near Rome.

CHATTERBOX.—As you do not give us the entire sentence, we cannot say whether you should have said "you and me," or "you and I." Each phrase is correct or incorrect according to its use. "You and I sent for him," would be correct; and so would "He sent for you and me."

ARTHUR.—The Duke of Westminster is reported to be the richest nobleman in Europe; Vanderbilt the richest living man, either in Europe or America. The Duke of Westminster has been twice married.

X.—Shakespeare says a woman should always

"——take an elder than herself."

But still, in the present case, we think that the irrepressible love of truth manifested by the young lady might be profitably set off against the few years that her age exceeds your own.

CURRAN.—An invitation to a young lady to join a picnic party should only emanate from a gentleman to whom she is engaged, and not from a gentleman who is a mere friend or acquaintance. In the latter case, the mother or sister or other female relation of the gentleman should send the invitation.

SAUCY.—You are a silly young woman, and are likely to mar your own happiness by acting towards your lover in a manner so much at variance with your own feelings. Next time he offers to kiss your hand, give it without rebuke, and show, by so long more kindly towards him, that you appreciate his attentions to you. You are quite old enough to be married.

TANTUM.—We do not find the word used as you give it in Webster, so that it cannot fairly be called good English. Nor have we ever heard it used in the sense you mention. "To back" in the sense of "endorse" is quite plain, for the latter is the strict Latin equivalent of the former. But to use it in the sense of "address" or "superscription" is etymologically wrong at least, even if custom favored it.

CELIA.—If the only effect the rum and castor oil had on your hair was to make it "awfully greasy, and smell confoundedly," we suspect that the fault must have been in your mode of applying it. Did you make a bucketful and dip your head in it?—or did you apply the castor oil only to your hair? You may use the oatmeal for washing your face: it is more softening than soap, and has not the latter's tendency to dry up the cuticle. Writing may be improved.

R. M. L.—The rules of etiquette are not always so arbitrary as to be independent of peculiar occasions or of circumstances which must be guided by taste. Thus it may now and then become a matter of taste whether or not a gentleman should shake hands with a lady on being introduced to her. In the country, and in small places where frankness, cordiality, and downright good-heartedness override all considerations of technical politeness, people very frequently shake hands on being introduced to one another; but in formal circles, a polite bow on the part of a gentleman and an elegant curtsey on the part of the lady are the fashion for such an occasion.